

Our Billions of Invisible Friends—BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JULY 1908



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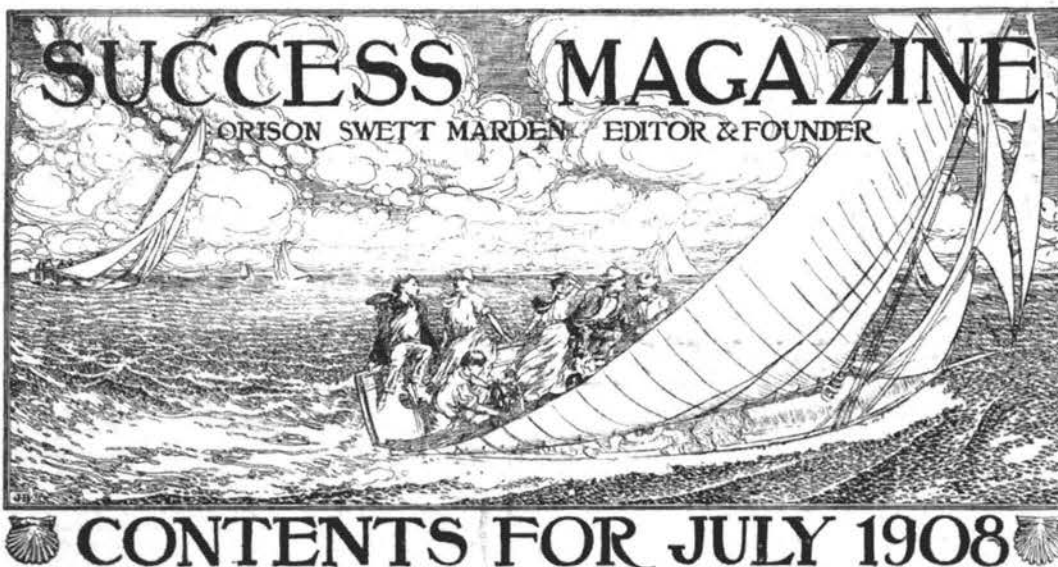
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Cover Design: "A Fair Wind," by Henry J. Peck

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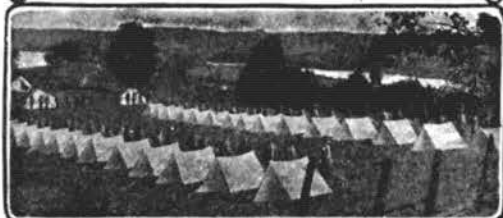
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XI, NEW YORK JULY 1908, NO. 170



Our Billions of Invisible Friends

By *Michael Williams*

The marvelous forces which nature has organized to defend us from the billions of bacilli that are constantly attacking our bodies. How they are equipped, and how they fight the unending battle. The light which modern science throws on our immense resisting power against disease. "Germs," says Mr. Williams, "are powerless to harm a healthy human body"

OUR men of science have been so busy finding out why we are ill, that they have almost neglected that even more important subject, why we are well. For many years we have been building up, step by step, the germ theory of disease; now we are supplementing this with a happier and more valuable philosophy—the germ theory of health. It has gradually dawned upon our consciousness that every person is born into this world with billions of invisible foes, but we are only just coming to realize that we have also billions of invisible friends; that every person's body is a battle-ground between the invading legions of disease and the defending armies of health; that we can so equip our defending forces that the most dangerous enemy can not prevail against them.

At no instant in any man's life, waking or sleeping, is he free from assaults by swarming myriads of tiny, but powerful, unseen enemies of life—those soldiers of death's dark legions, the germs or microbes of disease. If it were possible to wear spectacles of the magnifying power of high-powered microscopes, we might see the very air we breathe thick with the monstrous shapes of untold billions of bacilli; and that in, or about, or upon the water we drink, the food we eat, the hands we shake, the car straps we hang to when going to work, the clothes we wear, the hair we comb, the lips we kiss, the cats and dogs we fondle, the books we read—in short, always and everywhere, the armies of death surround us, and incessantly make war upon us. And not only do they attack us from every possible exterior vantage point, but they are also ever at work trying to undermine or carry by assault the citadel of life from within the lines of our own defenses. Germs thrive and multiply in the mouth, in the nose, and especially in the intestinal organs. Thus it can be said that not only do we live in the midst of death, but that death lives in our

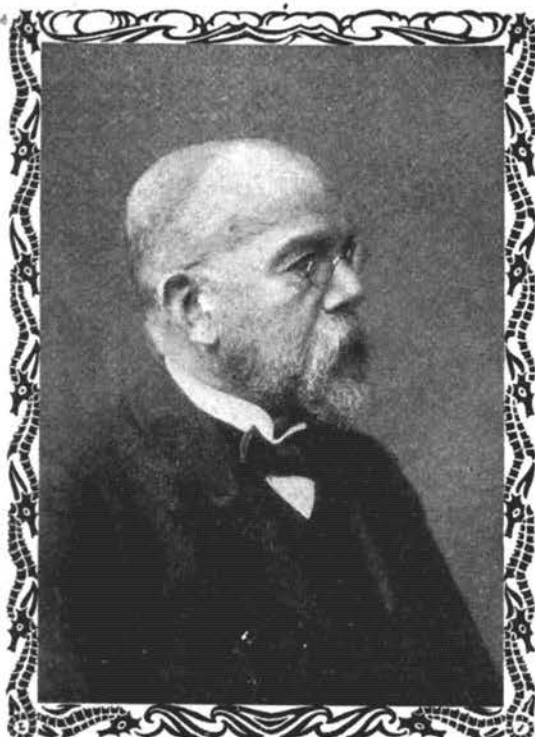
midst. The wonder is, not that we are ever ill, but that we are ever well.

An experiment frequently made in the operating room of a hospital supplies a vivid illustration of the extent of the invading hosts. One of the searchers or helpers is directed to scrub his arms and hands over and over again in antiseptic liquids, after which process he is told to leave them exposed to the air for a few minutes; a bacteriological examination then disclosing the fact that, despite the thorough cleansing of his hands, myriads of germs have swooped down out of the surrounding atmosphere and have attached themselves to the hair and skin upon his members.

The "germ theory of disease" is now a misleading phrase, for the germ theory has been definitely established as a fact, modern science tracing perhaps nine-tenths of all diseases to the action of those invisible yet truly living organisms, the germs or bacilli. They are the smallest of all created things, with an infinite variety of form and action, and they constitute the most deadly enemies of life to which human beings are exposed. Indeed, every human being is constantly the object of a sustained, unremitting attack on the part of uncountable armies of micro-organisms; and man's problem of health, the problem of the maintenance of life itself, is the problem of how successfully to resist the inroads of this army of the invisible.

The power for mischief of the germs is chiefly due to two things: first, the rapidity with which they multiply under favorable circumstances; and, second, their power to form poisons known as toxins and ptomaines. Some of these are more deadly than any other poisons known to man; deadlier than the most venomous of the snake poisons, being capable of bringing about highly poisonous effects in doses so small as to be almost imponderable. Each germ produces its own peculiar sort of poison,





ROBERT KOCH

He stands with Louis Pasteur as one of the world's two greatest bacteriologists. He is an explorer of the land of our invisible friends and foes; a scout of the army of preventive physicians. By discovering and isolating the germ of tuberculosis he rendered mankind most splendid service. He was sent by the German Government to Africa, in an effort to discover the germ that causes the dreaded sleeping sickness.

flit mankind, apart from those more virulent ones which are generally recognized as being due to the attacks of outside germs (such as smallpox, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, plague, tuberculosis, pneumonia, acute and chronic nasal catarrh, many diseases of the ear, and most diseases of the skin).

These are only a few of the charges against germs, but they are very grave indeed. Were it not for our admirable protecting forces, they would long since have overwhelmed us. But now, thanks to the corrective processes of the body itself, we can not only resist their advances but we can also take them prisoners of war, and make them serve our needs!

Before we examine the defenses of man's fortress against his invisible foes, let us investigate the enemy's mode of transportation. Briefly, the most important methods or vehicles of attack are as follows: dust, human breath, human food, flies, rats, mosquitoes, and other insects, such as fleas; human clothing, horses, cats, and dogs.

These soldiers of evil are ahead of the armies of our country, in that they do most of their traveling by air-ship. Everybody has seen and enjoyed the picturesque effect produced by a sunbeam falling aslant into a darkened room, when, in the golden flood of light, tiny, airy-fairy motes may be seen moving as though in some fantastic dance known only to the denizens of space. These motes are, however, globules and trailing shreds of dust, and they contain, literally, billions of more or less deadly microbes. House dust is particularly dangerous. The housewife who shakes a rug from her window, or who has a carpet beaten on the housetop or in the back yard, contributes swarming myriads of germs to the tremendous armies of our invisible enemies. House dust contains germs brought in from the street on shoes and on trailing skirts, germs from the droppings of horses (peculiarly dangerous microbes, some of these; among them the germ of putrefaction), and germs brought in by flies. Mere sweeping and dusting will not rid the house of dust; such methods only serve to scatter the microbes and help them more effectually to reach their victims. The modern carpet-sweeper is a decided advance, from the hygienic standpoint, on the old-fashioned broom. Dusters of cloth and feathers, that whisk the dust here and there, should be changed for damp cloths, with which the dust should be carefully and thoroughly wiped up; after which the cloths should be boiled, or burned up.

What, then, is nature's defense against these germs of the air? We

and each sort of poison produces its own kind of effect. The rising of the bodily temperature which occurs in fever is due to the invading of the blood by fever-producing poisons formed by the action of germs. The strange processes of ulceration, inflammation, and suppuration, or forming of pus, are due to germ-formed poisons. To the production of poisons within the human body, through the action of germs of putrefaction and of fermentation, such great authorities on germ life as Metchnikoff trace, through the processes of "auto-intoxication," or self-poisoning of the body, a great proportion of the diseases which af-

can minimize the amount of dust, but we can not prevent it entirely. Fortunately, nature has given us an easy, simple solution of the dust problem. The great disinfectant is sunlight. If we flood our homes with sunlight, we need not greatly fear the ravages of the dust germs.

Only the fact that sunlight is nature's great disinfectant makes possible man's habitation of the earth. Germs develop with such incredible rapidity that they would soon overwhelm all living creatures by their numbers, if it were not for the death dealt to them by the sun.

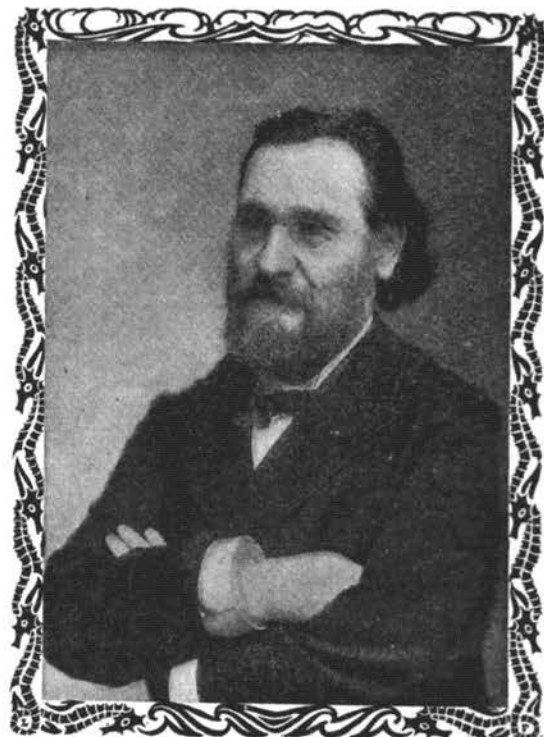
Not only do we draw into our lungs with every breath millions of

germs, but there are also microbes that live constantly in the saliva of our mouths, and these are often death dealers. This fact was brought before the public by Dr. Sternberg, surgeon-general of the United States Army. He spent some time in New Orleans, investigating a yellow-fever outbreak, and when he returned to Washington he made some experiments with a rabbit, injecting a single drop of his own saliva into its veins, with the result that the rabbit was dead within forty-eight hours. He examined some saliva from the mouths of friends who had not been in New Orleans or other fever-infected places, and the same results fol-

lowed in each instance; a drop of saliva from the mouth of a healthy man or woman in each case was found to contain enough of the death-dealing germs of various diseases to kill a rabbit. If the person in whose mouth the germs lived should become "run down" and offer a lessened resistance, then those very germs would cause illness, or perhaps death.

The germs of the mouth also take to aerial navigation. On one of the very days I was engaged in preparing this article, I dined with a friend in a well-known New York restaurant. It was crowded to the doors and badly ventilated, as most restaurants are; and although the condition of the atmosphere, filled with bad breath and with its oxygen exhausted, and the scattering of germ-laden dust through that atmosphere by officious, tip-hunting waiters, brushing coats and hats for their patrons, filled me with some alarm, yet as I was in good bodily trim I felt that I could take care of the germs that were, I knew, busily attacking me. But I confess that I did feel very uncomfortable (knowledge is a disturbing possession at times) when I noted that two or three of the waiters and several of the guests had bad colds in their heads, and were constantly sneezing. You will appreciate my discomfort better when I tell you that the celebrated Dr. Koninger stated that in a room where there seems to be no appreciable current of air to aid in the diffusion of microbes, a

person coughing or sneezing can scatter germs to a distance of more than twenty-two feet. The germs are borne through the air in "salivary droplets," which are in reality microscopic balloons of saliva, with a bubble of air in the center. They remain in suspension but a short time, yet travel great distances when emitted from the mouth. Even ordinary speaking may widely scatter these droplets. The high temperature constantly maintained in the mouth, and the fact that particles of food and of mucous membrane, and the decaying matter



ELIE METCHNIKOFF

A professor at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. One of the world's greatest authorities on germ life. He is recognized as "an expert of experts in the science of life." He has now dedicated his existence to the task of investigating the causes which bring about premature old age and too early death. He discovered the function of the white blood-corpuscles, showing them to be the defenders of the body against the attacks of the germs.



IRVING FISHER

A Yale professor who is chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, which is heading a national war against the enemies of health.

in the teeth, afford the best of food for germs, explains why more and more up-to-date scientists are insisting upon attention being paid to the necessity of maintaining cleanly conditions in the mouth—"the very vestibule of life," as one scientific authority calls it. For not only are germs scattered abroad from the mouth, but they also infect the air going into the lungs, and the food going into the stomach. Washing the inside of the mouth has a marked effect in decreasing the bacilli that thrive there. Here is the scientist's real argument against the habit of kissing, especially the kissing of children upon the lips.

Flies cause, in New York City alone, about 650 deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other diseases. Last year a fly was captured on South Street, in New York (not far from one of the city's biggest meat and fish markets), that was found to be carrying in his mouth and on his legs more than one hundred thousand disease bacteria. Flies walk over decaying and fetid matter, for which they have a natural affinity, and then, entering meat markets and homes, travel over the food, explore the milk pitcher, and also light directly on the skin of the householders. And everywhere they deposit germs.

It has been conclusively proved that the majority of cases of typhoid fever are due to fly infection; and it also seems probable that to flies must be attributed the greater proportion of cases of intestinal troubles, as gastro-enteritis, afflicting young children in the summertime. As the temperature rises in the summer, flies increase, and so do the diseases which they carry. And as flies multiply with almost incredible rapidity, the necessity for making war upon these pests in the early summer months, before they can increase extensively, is apparent. Also it is apparent that great care should be taken to guard food from being touched by them.

Exposed meat and other foods in butcher shops furnish one almost ideal bridge whereby our invisible foes, either by the agency of flies

or in dust particles, attain foothold in the citadels of human life. On a single piece of beef, bought in a market where only ordinary precautions are taken to protect the stock against flies and dust, there were found to be 90,000 anaerobias—the germs that produce putrefaction—to each gram of meat; while to a piece of salt codfish from a grocery store there were found attached no less than 47,600,000 anaerobes per gram of material. In another experiment the meat examined was that used on the table of a first-class hotel, and the sirloin steak contained, per gram, 378,000,000 anaerobias. In the winter-time, through the diminished amount of dust in the air, germs are less abundant, and hence meat is cleaner.

As for the number of deaths due to infected milk, this particular subject has been so well displayed before the public of late that it seems only necessary here to remark that conservative estimates place that number at not less than 200,000 *babies* annually in this country alone; while the total number of deaths of older children and adults from this cause is but surmisable.

If germs may be fancied as taking an intelligent interest in their victims, they would be pleased with our custom of keeping pets. Find dogs and cats and birds in any house, and that house is more dangerous to dwell in than the house from which animals are excluded. The sleek, pretty cat that makes such a pleasing picture as it cuddles down by the baby, or plays with the older children, bears about it billions of bacteria, not only upon the surface of its body, but also within its body. The indictment of our invisible foes might be extended indefinitely, and it might be shown in detail how, at every point of our existence, we are threatened by the attacks of germs; but it is time now to look

at the other side of the shield and take account of how we fight back at present, and also of how the power of our resistance may be increased. Even though we take the precautions above mentioned, there is still

[Concluded on pages 474 and 475]



WILLIAM LYMAN UNDERWOOD

A professor of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who photographed the bacteria deposits made by a house-fly in walking across a glass of beef jelly. As soon as the fly deposited the germs it bore on its feet and proboscis they began at once to multiply. Professor Underwood counted one "colony" and found that it contained 46,000,000 germs of typhoid, malaria, diphtheria, and other diseases.

The AMERICAN GIRL OUT-OF-DOORS

SHE likes particularly to get out-of-doors; to be out-of-doors. That seems to be one of her differentiating characteristics in this generation. There are people who complain of it, saying that the contemporary American girl is too loath to stay in the house and do the work that has to be done there. She is eager to be at something, they say—almost too eager to get a job and wages or salary—but it must be an outside job, something that will take her away in the morning and keep her away; something that will give her more liberty, more independence, and relieve her mother somewhat from the obligation to supervise the details of her deportment. It is in that that she seems to be most uniformly considerate of her mother. That the maternal thoughts shall dwell on hats and gowns for her, and the maternal experience contrive that she shall be shod, gloved, mended (as to raiment), and kept in health, and shall retain her hair, her complexion, her teeth, she does not vehemently repine at, but that her mother's mind shall be overmuch exercised by considerations of her engagements, employments, friends, occupations, and manners, she deprecates with varying degrees of gentleness in expostulation and of unwillingness in obedience.

There is a long interval of discretion and degree between obedience



by E. S. MARTIN

With illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson and Francis Day

and disobedience. Is the American girl disobedient? Oh, no! generally speaking there is love in families: the mothers are devoted to the daughters; the daughters love their mothers and honor them—and obey them too as long as obedience is, or ought to be expected. But our typical American girl comes out of school, or out of college, a pretty strong individual. The system of education which is provided for her nowadays tends to develop and strengthen her individuality. Our girls are taught self-reliance. If they have in them the making of athletes, that side of them is pretty sure to be cultivated in the schools they go to. There they are trained in physical courage; taught standards of honor much like those that the best-trained boys are bred to; taught to choose and value their friends for their personal qualities more than for their social eligibilities.

Our pretty girl in Mr. Day's picture, with her hands on the steering-wheel of the automobile, seems competent to drive the hazardous machine she has in charge, but how about the task of steering and managing *her*? Only a skilful, strong, and gentle hand will be equal to that. She is not putty to be pinched into any shape or to stop a gap with, but already a strong individual, with her own will, her own standards,

her own aspirations and prejudices. Yet she is still plastic to a great extent; still very deficient in knowledge of this life and this world; still in need of wise counsel and guidance, of restraint here and stimulation there, and now and then of the word of command.

The chief end of doctors is to teach people to keep well with the minimum of doctoring. The chief end of authority is to qualify people for self-government. The chief end of parents and schools is to train children in wisdom and knowledge, that they may be able to take care of themselves. That has long been understood in its relation to boys. The idea of education for boys is to train them up through obedience to liberty. We want to make them free, and wise enough to thrive on freedom. As fast as they can bear it we put upon them increased responsibility for their own conduct, and their own use of time and of money. What we want of them finally is not merely to respond with docility to the care that is taken for them, but gradually to become qualified to take care of somebody else. And steadily and rapidly our civilization has been coming to have a like attitude toward girls. They are not boys in skirts, but very different creatures: their needs are different, their ideal work in life is different, the processes of educa-



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tion which seem most profitable for them are different; but in them too we grow more and more solicitous to develop the capacity to take care of themselves and eventually of others; to develop, indeed, all possible capacities that are not incompatible with one another, and with the highest and best and most important destiny that life holds for girls.

And that, of course, is to get married and rear children; which, being still regarded as in large measure a house-keeping vocation, projects various hesitations into our schemes for our girl's development. She must not be altogether an out-of-door girl, must she? They say it is a great strain on the human constitution to sleep under a roof, but she must learn to stand it. She can't sleep in a tree—not habitually. The most applauded plans for girls look toward domestication: we must not bring her up, then, to an incurable impatience with domestic life or to an incapacity of dealing with its problems. Boys we may send out to shift for themselves in college dormitories, and to live after that for a time, maybe, in city garrets and hall bed-rooms; to eat in boarding-houses and restaurants and clubs, and so press on and up to independence and homes of their own. Enough of that is enough, even for boys; for they



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are liable, if it lasts too long, to get out of hand and intolerant of regulation, and to lose the capacity for being domesticated. But we let them take what chances they must, trusting that they will feel betimes the natural human yearning for a home. We are not so much training them to be home-makers as money-earners. It is the girls that are to be the home-makers, and with all the crowd of our supplementary ambitions for them we are jealous of all leadings that threaten to endanger their proficiency in that.

When we hear that the college girls grow so used to their own room and the freedom of scholastic life that they can't live happy in the family when they return to it, we groan and wonder if that can be true; and wonder whether college gives them anything valuable

enough to offset what we fear it may take away. We don't at all have these compunctions about boys. As parents we don't mind raising boys that can get along without us; that, indeed, is the kind of boy we want to raise, and the kind that society expects from us. But what is the use of raising girls that can get along without us? In our hearts we don't want them to; in our heads we may think we ought to: that that is the best and safest way for them and the least selfish for us; but in our hearts we want to contrive to be indispensable to them until somebody else becomes still more indispensable. And meanwhile we want to have them around, and to collect tribute in affection and spirits; and in the reflection of youthful interests and the sunshine of the teens and twenties.

So our American girl of to-day is the resultant, in her training, of these two sets of partially conflicting forces. We want her to have pretty much everything the boys have and some things they don't; we want her to know freedom and to be fit for it, but not to be too pressing in her demands for it; we want her to be able to take care of herself and us, and still to be not too impatient of having care taken of her; we want her to be capable, at a pinch, of self-support; to learn to do something well enough to make her own living by it; but we don't want her to



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make her living unless she has to, and we don't want her to have to. We love, ourselves, to earn her living, for one thing; and we think there are better employments for girls, more profitable employments, than making livings. We love to see them adorn creation; we think they are wonderfully valuable in making life worth living to men who can earn livings and are so busy at it that they are sore pressed for time to live. We like division of labor between men and women,—such division, by and large, as has been prevalent in all times; and if girls are to be taught, and expected to do for themselves, such things (like maintenance) as men could do for them, who are going to do for men the things that never will be done for them or for the world unless they are done by women?

Well, well; we propound to ourselves all these perplexities as though we could settle them. We settle them? We shall have the privilege of looking on; not much more than that. The contemporary American girl will settle them for herself. Here she is: bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, but the product of her own time and not quite of ours. What we could give her she has; what we can still give her she will have, and more than that—more than ever

was or ever will be in our gift. The shaping influences that greet her on the threshold of womanhood are not quite those that shaped her mother. This is not quite, no, not by a good deal, the world it was even thirty years ago. What do most of the mothers of likely daughters find? That their daughters aspire to various things that the mothers do not see the wisdom of. The mothers are the pattern women of their time. They are the women who, all things considered, have done the most important work that women do, and best fulfilled their destiny. Wisely, and naturally, they want their daughters to do the same, and they try to bring them to it by the steps with which their own experience has made them familiar. But not all the daughters walk with docility in the beaten path. They have their own ideas and preferences, based on small knowledge and inadequate experience, and yet persistent and important because there is in them the germ of the difference between two generations in an age in which the conditions of life are changing with unprecedented speed. When a mother says, "I do not understand the girls of this generation," that is doubtless an old story, for it is not a novelty for mothers and daughters not to see with a single eye. But a feature that seems to mark our time as peculiar is the number of contemporary mothers who make that confession; the number who are constrained to wonder what manner of girl they have

got in their charge, and how the charge is best to be fulfilled.

In every plane of life in this country the conditions of life have changed enormously from what they were thirty years ago. There is no routine that has not suffered more or less dislocation; comparatively few families live now where they lived then, and almost no families live in the same manner. Human nature is doubtless just the same; that does not change; but the adjustment of human creatures to the apparatus of life is a task that runs over with novelties, and changes quite as rapid and penetrating seem to lie immediately ahead of us as lie immediately behind: changes in the relations of people to one another; in the scale, standard, and cost of living; in the relative attractiveness of rival possibilities; in our estimate of what is most profitable to do and to have, where and how to live, with whom and for whom. For there are signs that betoken even to conservative observers the beginning of a new distribution of the prizes of life, which shall tend gradually to cheapen some things that have been overmuch esteemed, to bring better appreciation to some that have been undervalued, to vary somewhat the desirability of what money can buy, and even to change a little the courses of money itself, so that it shall irrigate more plentifully some areas that need it, and flow out in somewhat less volume on others that have seemed to suffer from inundation.

These signs, and the thoughts that they excite in us, make the American girl of this hour seem more than commonly like an adventurer in uncharted seas, bound for a port set down in papers that have as yet an unbroken seal, and whose course our utmost love and best experience can no more than imperfectly anticipate and safeguard. And that gives us the more sympathy with her reluctance to be shaped on the lines of any existing pattern, and makes us more attentive and indulgent to promptings and refusals and aspirations that may have back

of them intuitions that are wiser than any premonitions of ours. The most we can do for her is to



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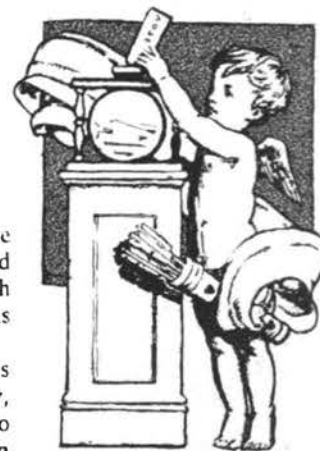
provide that her preparation and equipment shall be the soundest and most thorough that can be given her. It is a matter of faith that she will do for the world what her mother did before her; aye, and something more; but she will do it somewhat differently; in her own

way, and not precisely as her mother did. One would think, to see her out of doors, that she was all for sport, and found the mainspring of existence in the chase after pleasure. Surely in that aspect she is delightful to regard, the most pleasing and inspiring of all the ornaments upon the face of nature. To adorn creation, being one important thing that she is here for, there can be nothing but grateful approval of her spirited discharge of that duty.

A very, very interesting world this is in these days, and with an enormous variety of matters of compelling importance to be attended to. Who that really knows our out-door girl doubts that she will attend to her share of them, and not only to the out-door matters, but to the duties of the drawing-room and the kitchen and the nursery and the schoolroom; and of the churches and charities too, and even of politics

THE UNCERTAIN HEART

By ELLIOT FLOWER
Illustrations by Edward Poucher



THE girl was uncertain, which made it very awkward for the men. She was always glad to see Stephen Holman, but she was also always glad to see Robert Waite, and neither

could say that he received any evidence of favor that was not given to the other as well. She was quite honest about it, too, frankly admitting that she liked them both.

"You're a nice boy," she told Stephen, "and I'm awfully fond of you, but I can't promise to marry you—yet. You see, I'm not quite sure about myself."

In a similar way she replied to Robert when he offered her his heart and home and income. "I must have time to think," she said. "I really don't know just how I feel, and I mustn't make any mistake. It's too bad that both of you are so awfully nice."

Surely, that showed candor and lack of guile, but it did not make the two young men

terest in the public welfare by becoming a candidate for the nomination for city attorney on the Republican ticket, and this naturally made the situation altogether delightful to the interested girl. No matter what happened, she could now feel that her influence had done a service to the community, for she was sure that these two were the best possible men who could be named for the office. But there was nothing in the situation to assist her in making up her mind.

"You are both so earnest and good," she said to one and then to the other, "that my heart is fairly split between you. I'm sure I should be happy with either, but I should be so sorry for the one I refused. And it is such a serious matter for me."

It occurred to them that it was somewhat serious for them, also, but they had to make the best of it. There was no doubt that she was really puzzled herself.

"But," she added, "one or the other will

ocrats, so the one offset the other and neither did much harm. Robert was also nominated.

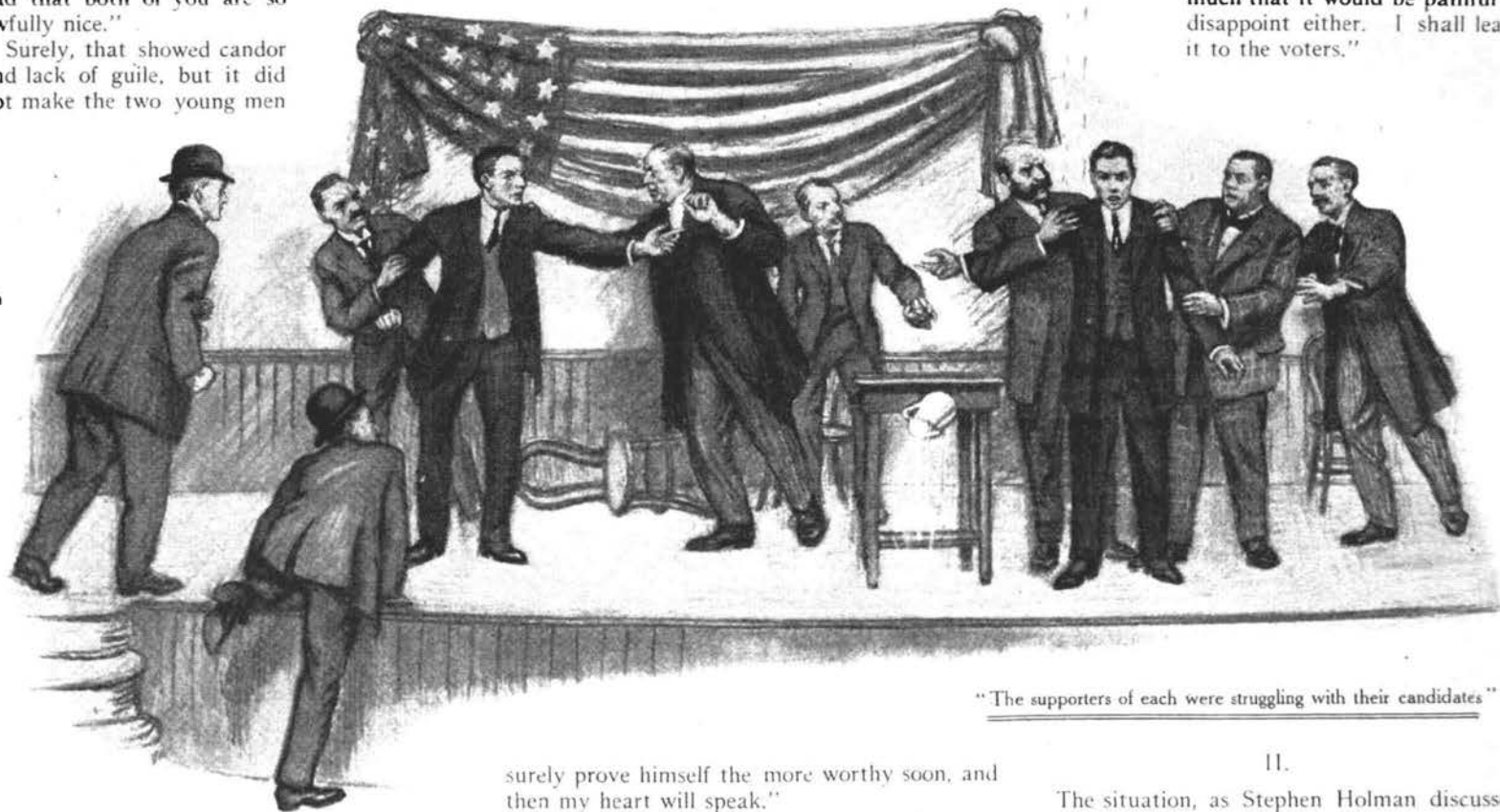
The girl was bound to no party, pinning her faith to men rather than measures, and she could not see that her problem had been made any easier. She rejoiced with both, but she gave definite promise to neither.

"You are splendid," she said to Stephen. "It is flattering that so fine a man should care for me; but my heart does not yet speak plainly."

"You are superb," she said to Robert. "I am proud of the love of so strong a man; but my heart is perplexed."

Each pressed for a definite answer, but that troublesome heart could not decide between them.

"I like you very much," she said to each in turn. "I like you both so very much that it would be painful to disappoint either. I shall leave it to the voters."



"The supporters of each were struggling with their candidates"

love one another. They met occasionally at her home, and they were studiously polite, but elsewhere they gave each other black looks. Perhaps the girl found this condition of affairs flattering to her vanity; at any rate, she remained painstakingly impartial.

Then Stephen became a candidate for the nomination for city attorney on the Democratic ticket. The girl had high ideals in the line of man's civic duty, so this seemed to be a master-stroke. Her ideas on the subject were somewhat hazy, but she had heard it discussed at the Ethical Club, and, in a general way, she made it clear that she had the highest respect for the man who served the public well. Besides, political success gave a man prominence that was pleasing to a girl who liked him and believed in him.

Thereupon Robert demonstrated his deep in-

surely prove himself the more worthy soon, and then my heart will speak."

This was egotistical and unfair, but, love being blind, neither of the suitors saw anything in it except that success depended upon success—success in love upon success in politics. It may be admitted, however, in extenuation of their blindness, that the girl was prettily, although superficially, serious, and that there was something tantalizingly seductive in the way she confessed her troublesome doubts.

Stephen went after the Democratic nomination with the enthusiasm of a man whose life depended upon winning, and he got it. Incidentally, he took advantage of such opportunities as offered to make it clear that Robert was no sort of a man for the Republican nomination, but the views of a Democrat on the availability of a Republican did not carry much weight. Then, too, Robert was giving such time as he could spare to demonstrating that Stephen would be an absurd choice for the Dem-

The situation, as Stephen Holman discussed it with his campaign manager, Ben Greene, was distinctly favorable. Nevertheless, Greene was disposed to enter a mild protest.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that you are making your part of this fight a little too personal?"

"Personal!" exclaimed Holman. "Of course it's personal! I'm in this thing to make the fur fly."

"Quite right," conceded Greene. "Fight hard when you go in, of course; but the point I take is that you seem to forget there is anybody else on the ticket."

"Certainly," admitted Holman. "What do I care about the rest of the ticket?"

"At the same time," persisted Greene, "you don't seem to care as much for your own victory as you do for Waite's defeat."

"Right again," returned Holman. "Waite is the man I'm after, and my first business is to

do him up good and plenty. I want to fix him so he won't dare show his head. That's going to elect me, anyhow, for there's nobody else in the race."

"Only Bliss, the independent," suggested Greene.

"And he is n't really in it."

"No, he isn't really in it. But, Steve, there's no getting away from the fact that you don't seem to realize that there's any party or any candidates or anything except Waite, and the others don't like it."

"That's all there is for me," admitted Holman. "I don't give a hang for the office, and I don't think he does, either. You might say that he and I are playing for side stakes, and I've just got to put him down and out. If I don't, he gets the girl."

"Miss Dayton?" asked Greene.

"Miss Winifred Dayton," said Holman.

"Oh!" ejaculated Greene.

"And I've got him!" declared Holman.

"You're certainly giving him a nasty time of it," agreed Greene.

"There's more to come," asserted Holman. "Wait until I get after him to-morrow night." He paused a moment, and then went on with confidential emphasis. "He's plutocratic in all his business and personal affiliations: he's a paid agent of the trusts. Is that the kind of a man this town wants for city attorney?"

"Hardly."

"He began his professional career in the legal department of a street railroad, and he still acts in an advisory capacity when local legislation is desired."

"If you can show that—"

"I can prove it. I tell you, I've been giving his record my personal attention, and I've done some hard work. What does this look like?"

He took some papers from his pocket and handed one of them to his manager and friend.

"A receipt!" exclaimed Greene; "a receipt for money paid to Waite as the representative of the Merchants' Tunnel Company. Say! that's great! Why, that company has been trying to steal millions in franchise rights from the city."

"Have I got him?" asked Holman, gloatingly.

"He has n't one chance in a thousand," answered Greene.

"Of course," Holman conceded magnanimously, "the mere fact that he has represented this corporation in some matters is not proof that he has been personally connected with any of the skulduggery; but it raises a very strong presumption of unfitness for any position of trust with the city, and the feeling of the public toward the tunnel company is uncompromisingly hostile just now. It does n't seem to me that the voters are in the humor to entrust the city's legal affairs to a man who is identified with a corporation that has become hateful to all honest citizens because of its efforts at corruption and thievery."

"He won't get one vote in ten!" declared Greene, enthusiastically. "His other corporation affiliations are bad enough, but that receipt is a clincher. What are you going to do with it?"

"Let 'em have it in my speech to-morrow night."

"Let me have it lithographed and printed on handbills, too," urged Greene.

"All right," acquiesced Holman; and then he added exultingly, "do you think he'll get the girl?"

"He's dead," asserted Greene; "he's as good as nailed up in a political and matrimonial coffin. No self-respecting girl can afford to look at him. Why, you'll have him out of the running for her, even if he could be elected city attorney."

"That's the way it seems to me."

"And you've got the sensation of this cam-

"I don't believe," said Whitfield, "that he'll do as well as that burlesque independent candidate, Bliss."

"And," persisted Waite, getting down to his real interest in the campaign, "can you imagine any girl—especially the daughter of a man of some wealth—giving anything but contempt to such an advocate of destruction?"

"What's a girl got to do with it?" asked Whitfield.

"Oh, she's left the choice of a husband to the voters," exclaimed Waite, reddening. "Rather a strange thing, but—well,



"Simultaneously each man pulled a straw"

paign. There won't be anything to it but you."

"I could n't see it any other way myself."

Holman, for the moment, was wholly satisfied with himself and his prospects.

A situation, however, never looks just the same to opposing interests, especially when the opponents are ignorant of each other's plans. Waite and his friends could not see that Holman had even a faint glimmer of a chance; but that was because Waite and his friends knew what very startling disclosures they were about to make. Whitfield and Cole were discussing the subject with Waite about the time that Holman decided he was as good as elected already.

"He's an anarchist!" declared Waite.

"A socialist, at least," said Whitfield; "at any rate he's no Democrat, and the party never will be able to stand for his views. Let's see those clippings again."

Waite spread a number of clippings and other papers on the table, and Whitfield, looking them over, read extracts to the other two. They all related to speeches that Holman had made or to articles he had written. Some were newspaper clippings, and some were in the form of affidavits as to what certain people had heard him say; but all advocated radical measures for the institution of complete state socialism, even to the confiscation of all private property.

"Of course," conceded Waite, wishing to be fair, "some of these things were written during his callow college days, and it is not at all certain that he still adheres strictly to these views; but is it safe to entrust the legal affairs of the city to a man who has been tainted with what is practically anarchy?"

"In the face of that," asserted Cole, "he can't hold half his party vote. Why, Bob, if it wasn't for the necessary formality of having some ballots cast, you might as well take the oath of office now."

that's what makes me so deeply interested."

"You've got her," said Whitfield, promptly. "Why, he's proletarian. I don't know exactly what that is, but he's it. When are you going to spring this stuff?"

"In my next speech."

"Better let me have it printed, too," advised Cole.

"Good enough," agreed Waite. "Can't hit him too hard to suit me. I want to show that there's nothing to him but the makings of a cheap demagogue. I'm after the girl, you understand; the office is all right, but the girl is the main thing. That's why I have kept this so quiet: I was afraid he'd drop out and not give me a chance to explode my bomb."

"You'll lift him," said Cole. "He'll think he's sat down on a dynamite cartridge the very moment that it opened up for business."

"I rather think so myself," said Waite, complacently.

Some slight hint of both plans happening to reach the ears of an old campaigner, his face was observed to light up with gleeful anticipation, and he was heard to remark, "There's certainly going to be something doing presently."

III.

"You don't believe those vile things that Waite says of me, do you?" asked Holman, anxiously.

"Oh, no," was Miss Dayton's cheerful reply. "I've heard about campaign lies before, and I don't believe all that he says about you any more than I believe all that you say about him."

"But every word I've said is true," insisted Holman.

"Is it?" she asked, her brow wrinkling with annoyance.

"It is," he asserted. "You must believe it."

(Continued on pages 466 to 469)



GREAT BRITAIN, THE FOE

AN OBSERVANT correspondent recently wrote from Shanghai to a New York newspaper: "China has missed catching the fire of the West in the manner of Japan, and has lain idle and supine while neighbor and foreigner despoiled her. Her statesmanship has been languid and irresolute, and her armies slow and spiritless in the field. Observers who know China, and are familiar at the same time with the symptoms of opium, say that it is as if the listless symptoms of the drug were to be seen in the very nation itself. Many conclude that the military and political inertia of the Chinese is due to the special prevalence of the opium habit among the two classes of Chinamen directly responsible: both the soldiers and the scholars, among whom all the civil and political posts are held in monopoly, are notoriously addicted to opium."

The point which these articles should make clear is that opium is the evil thing which is not only holding China back but is also actually threatening to bring about the most complete demoralization and decadence that any large portion of the world has ever experienced. It is evident, in this day of extended trade interests, that such a paralysis of the hugest and the most industrious of the great races would amount to a world-disaster. Already the United States is suffering from the weakness of the Chinese Government in Manchuria, which permits Japan to control in the Manchurian province and to discriminate against American trade. This discrimination would appear to be one strong reason for the sailing of the battle-ship fleet to the Pacific. If this relatively small result of China's weakness and inertia can arouse great nations and can play a part in the moving of great fleets, it is not difficult to imagine the world-importance of a complete breakdown. Every great Western nation has a trade or territorial footing in China to defend and maintain. Every great Western nation is watching the complicated Chinese situation with sleepless eyes. Such a breakdown might quite possibly mean the unconditional surrender of China's destiny into the hands of Japan; which, with Japan's growing desire to dominate the Pacific, and with it the world, might quite possibly mean the rapid approach of the great international conflict.

An Example of the Economic Waste of Evil

We have seen, in the course of these articles, that China appears to be almost completely in the grasp of her master vice. The opium curse in China is a dreadful example of the economic waste of evil. It has not only lowered the vitality, and therefore the efficiency of men, women, and children in all walks of life, but it has also crowded the healthier crops off the land, usurped no small part of the industrial life, turned the balance of trade against China, plunged her into wars, loaded her with indemnity charges, taken away part of her territory, and made her the plundering ground of the nations. She has been compelled to look indolently on while Japan, alight with the fire of progress, has raised her brown head proudly among the peoples of the West. So China has at last been driven to make a desperate stand against the encroachments of the curse which is wrecking her. The fight is on to-day. It is plain that China is sincere; she must be sincere, because her only hope lies in conquering opium. She has turned for help to Great Britain, for Britain's Indian Government developed the opium trade ("for purposes of foreign commerce only") and continues to-day to pour a flood of the drug into the channels of Chinese trade. Once China thought to drug out the Indian drug by producing it herself, as a preliminary controlling of the traffic, but she has never been able to develop a grade of opium that can compete with the brown paste from the Ganges Valley.

This summing-up brings us to a consideration of two questions which must be considered sooner or later by the people of the civilized world:

1. Can China hope to conquer the opium curse without the help of Great Britain?

2. What is Great Britain doing to help her?

In attempting to work out the answer to these questions, we must think of them simply as practical problems bearing on the trade, the territorial development, and the military and naval power of the nations. We must try for the present to ignore the mere moral and ethical suggestions which the questions arouse.

China Has No Common Language or Currency

First, then: can China, single-handed, possibly succeed in this fight, now going on, against the slow paralysis of opium?

China is not a nation in the sense in which we ordinarily use the word. If we picture to ourselves the countries of Europe, with their different languages and different customs, drawn together into a loose confederation under the government of a conquering race, we shall have some small conception of what this Chinese "nation" really is. The peoples of these different European countries are all Caucasians; the dif-

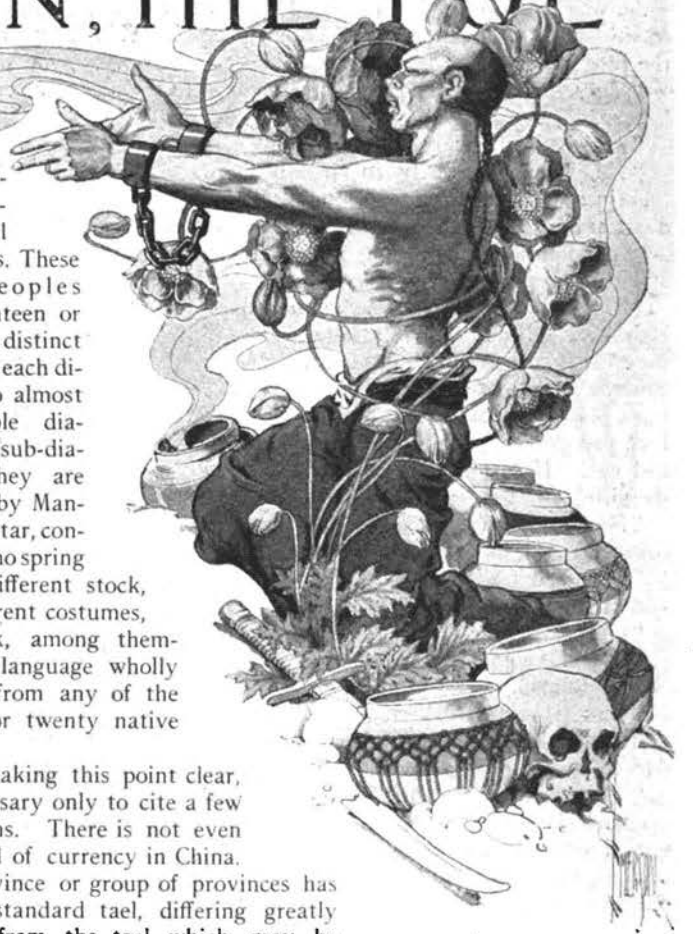
ferent peoples of China are all Mongolians. These Chinese peoples speak eighteen or twenty distinct languages, each divided into almost innumerable dialects and sub-dialects. They are governed by Manchu, or Tartar, conquerors who spring from a different stock, wear different costumes, and speak, among themselves, a language wholly different from any of the eighteen or twenty native tongues.

In making this point clear, it is necessary only to cite a few illustrations. There is not even a standard of currency in China. Each province or group of provinces has its own standard tael, differing greatly in value from the tael which may be the basis of value in the next province or group. There is no government coinage whatever. All the mints are privately owned and are run for profit in supplying the local demand for currency, and the basis of this currency is the Mexican dollar, a foreign unit. They make dollar bills in Honan province. I went into Chili province and offered some of these Honan bills in exchange for purchases. The merchants merely looked at them and shook their heads. "Tientsin dollar have got?" was the question. So the money of a community or a province is simply a local commodity and has either a lower value or no value elsewhere, for the simple reason that the average Chinaman knows only his local money and will accept no other. The diversity of language is as easily observed as the diversity of coinage. On the wharves at Shanghai you can hear a Canton Chinaman and a Shanghai Chinaman talking together in pidgin English, their only means of communication. When I was traveling in the Northwest, I was accosted in French one day by a Chinese station-agent, on the Shansi Railroad, who frankly said that he was led to speak to me, a foreigner, by the fact that he was a "foreigner" too. With his blue gown and his black pigtail, he looked to me no different from the other natives; but he told me that he found the language and customs of Shansi "difficult," and that he sometimes grew homesick for his native city in the South.

The "Interests" That Suffer by Reform in China

That the Chinese of different provinces really regard one another as foreigners may be illustrated by the fact that, during the Boxer troubles about Tientsin, it was a common occurrence for the northern soldiers to shoot down indiscriminately with the white men any Cantonese who appeared within rifle-shot.

This diversity, probably a result of the cost and difficulty of travel, is a factor in the immense inertia which hinders all progress in China. People who differ in coinage, language, and customs, who have never been taught to "think imperially" or in terms other than those of the village or city, can not easily be led into cooperation on a large scale. It is difficult enough, Heaven knows, to effect any real change in the government of an American city or state, or of the nation, let alone effecting any real changes in the habits of men. Witness our own struggle against graft. Witness also the vast struggle against the liquor traffic now going on in a score of our states. Even in this land of ours, which is so new that there has hardly been time to form traditions; which is alert to the value of changes and quick to leap in the direction of progress; which is essentially homogeneous in structure, with but one language, innumerable daily newspapers, and a close network of fast, comfortable railway trains to keep the various communities in touch with



OF REFORM- by Samuel Merwin



the prevailing idea of the moment, how easy do we find it to wipe out race-track gambling, say, or to make our insurance laws really effective, or to check the corrupt practices of corporations, or to establish the principle of local municipal ownership?

To put it in still another light, how easy do we find it to bring about a change which the great majority of us agree would be for the better, such as making over the costly, cumbersome express business into a government parcels post?

But there are large money interests which would suffer by such reforms, you say? True; and there are large money interests suffering by the opium reforms in China, relatively as large as any money interests we have in this country. The opium reforms affect the large and the small farmers, the manufacturers, the transportation companies, the bankers, the commission men, the hundreds of thousands of shopkeepers, and the government revenues, for the opium traffic is an almost inextricable strand in the fabric of Chinese commerce. In addition to these bewildering complications of the problem, there is the discouraging inertia to overcome of a land which, far from being alert and active, is sunk in the lethargy of ancient local custom.

The Immensity of China's Reform Problem

No, in putting down her master vice, China must not only overcome all the familiar economic difficulties that tend to block reform everywhere, but, in addition, must find a way to rouse and energize the most backward and (outside of the age-old grooves of conduct and government) the most unmanageable empire in the world.

On what element in her population must China rely to put this huge reform into effect? On the officials, or mandarins, who carry out the governmental edicts in every province, administer Chinese justice, and control the military and finances. But of these officials, more than ninety per cent. have been known to be opium smokers, and fully fifty per cent. have been financially interested in the trade.

Still another obstacle blocking reform is the powerful example and widespread influence of the Treaty Ports. Perhaps the white race is "superior" to the yellow; I shall not dispute that notion here. But one fact which I know personally is that every one of the Treaty Ports, where the white men rule, including the British crown colony of Hongkong, chose last year to maintain its opium revenue regardless of the protests of the Chinese officials.

Putting down opium in China would appear to be a pretty big job. The "vested interests," yellow and white, are against a change: the personal habits of the officials themselves work against it; the British keep on pouring in their Indian opium; and by way of a positive force on the affirmative side of the question there would appear to be only the lethargy and impotence of a decadent, chaotic race. How would you like to tackle a problem of this magnitude, as Yuan Shi K'ai and Tong Shao-i have done? Try to organize a campaign in your home town against the bill-board nuisance; against corrupt politics; against drink or cigarettes. Would it be easy to succeed? When you have thought over some of the difficulties

that would block you on every hand, multiply them by fifty thousand and then take off your hat to Tong Shao-i and Yuan Shi K'ai. Personally, I think I should prefer undertaking to stamp out drink in Europe. I should know, of course, that it would be rather a difficult business, but still it would be easier than this Chinese proposition.

So much for the difficulties of the problem. Suppose now we take a look at the results of the first year of the fight. There are no exact statistics to be had, but based as it is on personal travel and observation, on reports of traveling officials, merchants, missionaries, and of other journalists who have been in regions which I did not reach, I think my estimate should be fairly accurate. Remember, this is a fight to a finish. If the Chinese Government loses, opium will win.

Princely Opium Smokers Suspended from Office

The plan of the Government, let me repeat, is briefly as follows: First, the area under poppy cultivation is to be decreased about ten per cent, each year, until that cultivation ceases altogether; and simultaneously the British Government is to be requested to decrease the exportation of opium from India ten per cent. each year. Second, all opium dens or places where couches or lamps are supplied for public smoking are to be closed at once under penalty of confiscation. Third, all persons who purchase opium at sale shops are to be registered, and the amount supplied to them to be diminished from month to month. Meantime, the farmer is to be given all possible advice and aid in the matter of substituting some other crop for the poppy, opium cures and hospitals are to be established as widely as possible; and preachers and lecturers are to be sent out to explain the dangers of opium to the illiterate millions.

The central government at Peking started in by giving the high officials six months in which to change their habits. At the end of that period a large number were suspended from office, including Prince Chuau and Prince Jui.

In one opium province, Shansi, we have seen that the enforcement was at the start effective. The evidence, gathered with some difficulty from residents and travelers, from roadside gossip, and from talks with officials, all went to show that the dens in all the leading cities were closed, that the manufacturers of opium and its accessories were going out of business, and, that the farmers were beginning to limit their crops.

The enforcements in the adjoining province, Chih-li, in which lies Peking, was also thoroughly effective at the start. The opium dens in all the large cities were closed during the spring, and the restaurants and disorderly houses which had formerly served opium to their customers surrendered their lamps and implements. Throughout the other provinces north of the Yangtse River, while there was evidence of a fairly consistent attempt to enforce the new regulations, the results were not altogether satisfying. Along the central and southern coast, from Shanghai to Canton, the enforcement was effective in about half the important centers of population. In Canton, or Kwangtung province, the prohibition was practically complete.

Public Orators Exhorting the People to Give Up the Drug

The real test of the prohibition movement is to come in the great interior provinces of the South, Yunnan and Kweichow, and in the huge Western province of Sze-chuan. It is in these regions that opium has had its strongest grip on the people, and where the financial and agricultural phases of the problems are most acute. All observers recognized that it was unfair to expect immediate and complete prohibition in these regions, where opium growing is quite as grave a question as opium smoking. The beginning of the enforcement in Sze-chuan seems to have been cautious but sincere. In this one province the share of the imperial tax on opium alone, over and above local needs, amounts to more than \$2,000,000 (gold), and, thanks to the constant demands of the foreign powers for their "indemnity" money, the Imperial Government is hardly in a position to forego its demands on the provinces. But recognizing that a new revenue must be built up to supplant the old, the three new opium commissioners of Sze-chuan have begun by preparing addresses explaining the evils of opium, and sending out "public orators" to deliver them to the people. They have also used the local newspapers extensively for their educational work; and they have sent out the provincial police to make lists of all opium smokers, post their names on the outside of their houses, and make certain that they will be debarred from all public employment and from posts of honor. The chief commissioner, Tso, declares that he will clear Chen-tu, the provincial capital, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, of opium within four years; and no one seems to doubt that he will do it as effectively as he has cleared the streets of the beggars for which Chen-tu was formerly notorious. When

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"Over the top of the paper two beady eyes—eagerly watching"

MAKIN' ME FADDER ENJOY

BY ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated by LAURA E. FOSTER

JAKE the imp was pretending to read; and this was absurd, for in the tenement room he sat in the darkest corner. The warm flood of light from the lamp showed only two sharp dangling legs, with one stocking mightily torn at the knee; two small, grimy hands clutching the big newspaper; and over the top of the paper a shock of black hair, a dark, high forehead, and two beady eyes—eagerly watching. His mother stood by the stove, whence came delicious odors of supper. But supper was only a safe, happy goal; Jake's mind was intent on the moments between, and his eyes were set on his father.

"If supper don't come quick," he growled to himself, "some feller will get a big beatin' up." Inch by inch the "feller's" anxious legs drew up, stiff and cold. "Aw, keep yer nerve!" he muttered.

His father was a giant—prematurely old. His heavy, uncouth shoulders had settled wearily over the table; in his massive, hairy face the deep-set eyes were fixed on the New York *Yiddish Daily News*, fixed in a nervous, frowning stare; and while he read one long, white, bony hand lay stretched out before him; now and then the sweat-shop fingers twitched from sheer fatigue.

This dread of Jake's had no foundation in the past. In all the twelve years of the imp's young life, this big, slow hand had never struck him. It had been just the other way. Two years before, back in South Russia, on the night of shouts and poundings at doors, when the Cossacks rode through the streets and the drunken "Black Hundreds" rushed into the Ghetto, he had felt this hand and arm lift him, hold him in a grip of steel, and bear him far out of it all to a quiet place in the woods and a warm reassuring bonfire. Hardly a word had been spoken, but from that night the imp had idolized the giant.

That gloomy old past seemed now far back in the shadows; for Jake had come to a brand-new world, a dazzling, roaring, thrilling world, where he had swiftly grown old and wise. Through the canyon-like streets, where on summer evenings the push-cart torches flicker and flare in two endless rows by the curbstones and between the rows the pavements are black with a surging, laughing, jabbering mass—this imp of night had darted and peered into every kind of human excitement. Furious bargaining, quarrels, hen-pecking, bullying; stealthy picking of pockets, chases, arrests; tenement fires and thundering engines, black, whirling smoke and red tongues of flame; comical, lurching drunken men whom you poked from behind and deftly eluded; hurdy-gurdies and ambulance wagons; big brass bands,

election parades, loud, impassioned street-wagon speeches—all this and more, that is better unsaid, he had watched till his eyes had danced or scowled or solemnly stared. The delights of his life were boundless.

But at home, in silent, hungry times like this, into his deep, fierce love for his father a shadow had been creeping night by night. For, watching the massive face by the lamp, Jake had sized his father up according to the new-world standards and found him guilty of the crime which is punished above all other crimes, the crime of being slow. Coming to New York to make a fresh start, the giant had worked in a sweat-shop. He had worked fiercely with all that was in him to reach the pace that the young men set; straining all day, even bringing work back to the tenement room and bending over it late at night. But it did no good; his hands, his eyes, his thoughts, all were hopelessly slow. His work brought just enough to keep them alive. The imp's little suit was ragged; his shoes had many patches; and in bad times like these they were often very hungry. In the race for a better living, this group was left behind. And in the face of the giant, in his deep-set eyes, in certain darting looks, and again in thoughtful, frowning stares, there was a mingling of shame and of dull, slow, rising rage.

Long and hard had Jake tried to think out schemes to give to the big, slow man some part of his own gay, thrilling life. To live in such streets and get not a flash of the fun—"Aw, it's foolish," Jake would mutter. "Foolish, foolish!"

"What kin a feller do," he asked himself, over and over, "to make his fadder enjoy?"

A month ago he thought he had hit it. With the help of Izzy, his chum, he had earned a few pennies, played hooky from school, and launched into the newspaper business. And because he was as quick and shrewd as his father was slow, he had made in one week four dollars and seventeen cents. The seventeen cents he had spent, the rest he had given his father to ease the tightening strain. But the giant had leaned far over and squeezed his arm till it ached, and had then turned away and said in a low, unnatural voice, "No! You stay in school!"

So that scheme was dropped, or, rather, postponed for another two years. In the meantime, to tide over dangerous moments, Jake's sharp mind had found another diversion, which for a season worked with amazing success. This was

a tenement fire. When the big immigrant saw the engines, the helmeted men, the swift, bold, seizing a situation; planning the fight in an instant, and going to work with a rush; saw all that he himself lacked turned not to grinding him down but to saving the lives of his neighbors—then he would stand on the pavement open-mouthed, his whole huge face a smile of admiring wonder. In the Ghetto the fires are common as the dirt. And night after night, when things had grown tense at home, the imp had jerked the giant out after the engines, shouting: "Fire, fadder! Come out to de fire! Aw, come on, come on out an' enjoy!"

But a few nights ago, when he had proposed it, it met with refusal so savage he had not dared to try it again. So this scheme too was done with.

And watching here to-night, every dragging moment sharpened Jake's suspense. His father had always been kind; but you can never tell about any man, no matter how well you know him. In the streets, where the human mass from all over the world is mixed as in a tremendous caldron, Jake had seen men quickly change. This look of rebellion he had seen rising on thousands of faces down in the streets; and from his chums he had heard how it led to long, silent "grouches" at home, sudden anger, cuffs, and even hard beatings.

He shot a glance at the stove, an impatient glance. And then he looked back at his father. The giant had turned and was staring straight at him, but seeing nothing. Up went the legs.

"In jest about two minutes more," thought Jake, "de fun is about ter begin!"

A moment later, with a loud rustle, his paper dropped to the floor. From far in the distance, but rising high above all the Ghetto's rough babel of sounds, the sharp, irregular shrieks of an engine were coming louder, louder! The imp sat rigid in his chair. His face grew tense with hope, then dubious, and finally very disgusted. The engine had passed to the east.

"Aw, wot's de use of 'em, anyhow!" He glanced again at that ominous light in the giant's restless eyes. The fire was here, right here in the room!

Inspirations, human resolves to do great deeds, these often come in a flash. Jake caught his breath and started slightly back in his chair. For just one moment his black eyes gleamed as his mind traveled over his scheme. Then cautiously he rose. He slipped slowly out of the room, and went down the many flights of stairs in reckless leaps and bounds.

For a few minutes longer the hand on the

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BILL AND THE MAGIC CORAL

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

Illustrated by GERRIT A. BENEKER

THE Government decided that it needed a thirty-foot dock in Honolulu, and in due time the contract was let to the Interisland Construction Company for the digging of some thousands of yards of coral out of the reef that girds the island of Oahu. The construction company's engineers measured out an immense rectangle, of which one end was in the pale-blue waters of the bay, and the other end ran up among the wharves of Kakaako. Then came the dredger, the dynamite crew, and my disreputable friend, Bill, who sat on a perch behind the eighty-foot steel boom and handled the twenty-five ton shovel as easily as if it were a porridge spoon.

I called Bill my friend because he had taken the liberty, one night, to escort me from a *bula* dance just at the point where the *première danseuse* abandoned her shark-skin tambourine for a knife. During this festivity, when huge Kanakas were kneading me between their sweating shoulders and dark hands brushed my neck with knotted fingers, some one had jerked me off my feet, bent me double over a sinewy arm, and heaved me bodily out into the clean night. When I got my breath, Bill apologized briefly and then accepted a drink at my hands. "That Annie Pahulo had it all fixed up," he explained, "and the place was full of her friends. No place at all for you."

The next morning, after reading the *Advertiser* and learning that the *mêlée* had cost the lives of five, I hunted my rescuer out of a house in Palama and thanked him again. He drew himself up, spread a thin hand on my shoulder, and said that it did n't matter. "Hate to see a *haole* get hurt in a native row," he said. "But I'm glad to meet you. My name is Bill—Bill of Baltimore, as I told you last night. Shall we try an eye-opener?"

He disappeared that afternoon into the shadowy main-deck of the *Caroline*, where he was a water-tender. He reappeared, a week later, in my own bed at Freeth's, and explained, when I woke him up, that he had expected to find me at home, but, failing, had fallen asleep. I spent the remainder of the night on a cot out among the mosquitoes, and rose at last, under Bill's exhortation, to tell where I kept my razors. He shaved, emptied a half-bottle of whisky, rolled a cigarette, and bade me good morning with perfect self-possession.

After this I had a netting spread over the cot and was not surprised to find Bill making himself at home when the *Caroline* was in port.

"I can't go the natives *every* day," he would say. "I like 'em at sea and once in a while. But they get on my nerves. You're a fool to buy Scotch when gin is cheaper. Not that I don't appreciate the Scotch. I must be going."

Within six months it suddenly occurred to me that Bill was not just the companion I needed. He was white, but lacked respectability. He had a gentleman's tastes, but failed to distinguish between my shirts and his. Also, he drank too much. So I approached him delicately on the subject, and received a formal apology.

"Somehow, I took to you from the first," he said, letting his dark eyes rest on mine amiably. "But I understand perfectly, my dear fellow. One can't, of course, be too easy. The shirts I shall return. The whisky, I am sorry to say, I can't. I'm *kapu* in Honolulu—territorial drunkard, you see. Nobody allowed to sell to me. But I shall keep track of you." He shook hands with affable composure and departed, leaving behind (most amazing incongruity!) a decided odor of violet essence.

I found him months afterwards on the big dredger. He reached down from his seat among the levers and shook hands. His eyes rested on

me in friendly fashion; then he clasped his thin fingers about a lever again, and the dredge surged to the tug of the shovel down deep in the coral. As the big chain strained in and the brine poured down around the drums I suddenly saw a new man in Bill. The chief engineer of the construction company noticed my changed expression. He nodded. "The best mechanic I ever saw. We had three men on the dredge before we got tired of broken gear. The last man splintered the big boom and cost us fifteen hundred dollars in three minutes. But Bill manipulates the shovel as if it were his own hand. Look!"

I glanced out between the big dolphins that held the dredge to her position. The shovel was just breaking water. It surged upward, the fine coral creaming over like champagne, huge blocks of it tumbling back into the milky water. The bucket swung to rest, and then swiftly moved over and above a car waiting to receive its load. There was a click, and the heavy shells separated and allowed the glistening mass to drop. I glanced in at Bill. He was apparently dreaming, for a slight smile was on his face as he pulled a lever toward him and the chain thundered out over the drum and the boom settled with a ponderous groan to its task.

"We're working double shifts now," said the chief engineer. "Bill goes on the night-shift next week. It's more particular work, owing to the moonlight."

I came down to the dredge, the following week, under a blazing moon, and found Bill at his post. The big bucket swung empty over the pool it had made and the dynamite crew were performing strange incantations from their floating shed. Bill clambered down from his perch and shook my hand. "We're waiting for the shooting crew," he said affably. "They'll be ready pretty soon and then Honolulu will turn over in bed and curse modern methods. You saw that letter in the *Bulletin* last night?"

"I did," I said. "They accuse you people of shaking down the buildings round here."

"We cracked a wall two nights ago," Bill answered, lighting his pipe. "The watchman ran out with his lantern and swore at us from the bank. He was too close to the shovel and it dropped suddenly and the water splashed over him and he went off up the tracks. I guess he was scared. Better come inside the dredge while they set off this shot. The water flies pretty

freely sometimes. A chunk of coral broke in a plank by my engines last night."

We sat down amid the gear and I listened to the hiss of the steam through the safety valve. A native fireman straightened himself in the fire-pit and grinned up at me.

"Bimeby hell," he said.

Bill smiled at me faintly.

"Seems as if there was an unusual lot of that article in this business," he said. "One of the dynamiters struck the switch too soon yesterday and we picked him out of the brake-gear. I don't go much on these explosives. They're too uncertain. Give me reliable machinery." He put his hand on a lever, and the drum gathered in a dozen links of chain as an Italian gathers spaghetti off his plate. The dredge surged back a fathom and brought up against the dolphins. "That's No. 1," said Bill. "A little one to test the wiring. Now, hold on!"

I held on while a vast whirlpool sucked the dredge downward till the water foamed in forward. Something let go of us and we shot upward to a deep roar that seemed to come from under my feet. Bill stretched out his arm and I heard a chain clank. Then a breaker rose in the opening where the boom went outboard, and I was up to my waist in seething brine.

The dredge settled back to its moorings and Bill coughed. "I hate that smell," he said pettishly. "It makes my throat dry. You haven't a drink about you, have you?"

I had not, and said so. A second explosion deafened me and a third threw me, face down, amid the raffle of chain and cable. Bill lifted me and set me beside him. "To-morrow they'll swear that was only one hundred and fifty pounds of explosive," he growled. "I'm telling you now that it was a good five hundred. Wonder what that letter-writer thinks now? Why don't he let well enough alone and quit stirring up the crew? They're bound to set off the limit if people get gay. I hope the last one won't shake us up too much."

The last one merely sucked the dredge under the bank and teetered it till I was sick. A huge piece of coral descended somewhere with a crash of timber, and a half-clad sleeper ran into us with a tale of terror. Bill stared at him superciliously. "Get back to your hole," he said gruffly. "You ain't hurt. You're paid to work, not talk."

"But I was asleep!" bellowed the man, fingering his shirt; "and that rock just chunked down in the middle of the deck!"

"You'll get killed yet," said Bill, contemptuously, and the dredge pulled itself back into the middle of the pool to pick up the fragments of the shaken reef.

I stayed till nearly morning, and Bill offered me scraps of information as he worked. Once he left his shovel dripping in mid-air and climbed down to drink out of a bottle. His eyes shone more brightly when he climbed back and I thought the engineer of the dump-train justified in his protests against recklessness; for Bill swept the big "spoon" out of water, threw its vast weight over with a rush, and the broken coral poured out of the open shells of the bucket till the little cars rocked on the flimsy track and the trimmers dodged hither and yon with wild cries. Of this Bill took no notice till he had had a second draft from the bottle. Then he went out on the deck of the dredge and to his fiery language the engineer of the dummy jerked his toppling cars out on the main track and slid away toward Kakaako in the moonlight. I climbed ashore and waved my hand to Bill in farewell.

I was deep among the tumbled coral when something clasped my leg and I looked down.



"It was the baby with the pigtails"

A very small girl in a nightie was thrusting with all her little strength against my shin. I saw two pigtailed wiggle as she gave a final push. I stepped back. The baby, for she was no more than that, looked up at me reproachfully.

"You 'tepped on Mith Minnie," she said.

Little girl-babies with white faces and nighties with ribbons in 'em were not frequent on Kakaako beach. How came this mite among the coral? I swung her up and asked, "Are you Miss Minnie?"

"No," she said, putting one small finger over her right eye and looking at me from the other with an air of prodigious secrecy. "You 'tepped on Mith Minnie. My name is Abberta."

The moon was setting over Kalihi, and the dredge squatted in its milky pool like some foul creature. The dump train rattled back over the switch-points behind me and trundled away down its lane. The baby suddenly drew her arms a little closer about my neck and tucked her feet up under her. "Abberta *moe-moe*," she whispered. "Abberta theepy."

She closed her eyes, and the yellow moonbeams showed me that I stood on Kakaako reef with a little girl asleep in my arms, unidentified except by an acquaintance with a mysterious Miss Minnie and by a corruption of what I took to be the name "Alberta." I shook her gently.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

The dark eyes opened slightly and the lips parted. "*Hoo-hoo*, Yohara!" she murmured.

I did so. My voice brayed out among the raffle for Yohara. Out of the shadow of a car on a siding a short figure emerged quickly and two brown arms were stretched out for the child.

"Hey!" I remonstrated with the Japanese

woman. "Is this the care you take of the little *wabine*? *Palikia* [trouble] shall be yours and a beating with canes."

The woman bowed. "It is the lillee one's *kabuna*. She always *maikai* [all 'right] always forever!"

"What *kabuna* [magic] can such a lillee one do?" I demanded. "You are *poopooli* [crazy]."

The woman whimpered, thrusting an arm out of its wide sleeve to point to a little patch of shadow on the white coral. "See!" she said. "Miss Minnie!"

I peered down and discerned a little plate cut out of a *ti*-leaf. On it was a cooky, half a sour-sop, and a banana.

Beside it was a very small bottle. The

woman made a gesture expressive of

fear.

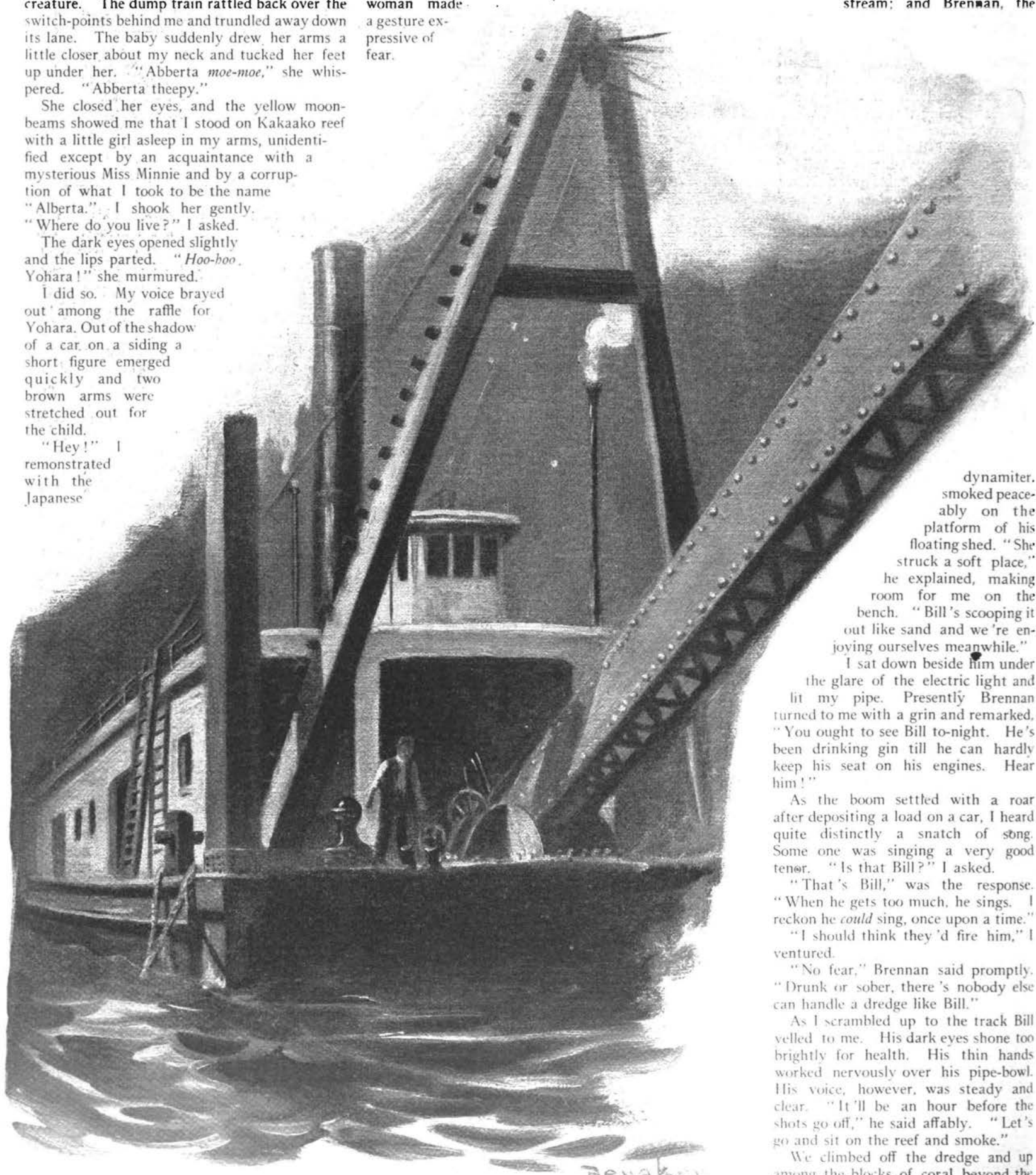
"The babee's *kabuna*," she gabbled. "Miss Minnie!"

I let the little one slip down into the outstretched arms. Her lips curved in a slender smile.

"Mith Minnie *Mippth*!" she murmured, and sighed into deeper slumber.

As the first white of dawn glistened in the fresh sky the Japanese disappeared toward Kakaako with the child in the hollow of her arm. The whistle of the dredge sounded the end of the night shift. I saw Bill emerge from his engine-room, arms outstretched as he yawned. I looked back to the child's *kabuna*. It was most insignificant by daylight. I went home.

One night a week later I revisited Bill. The dredge was snorting in mid-stream; and Brennan, the



dynamiter. smoked peacefully on the platform of his floating shed. "She struck a soft place," he explained, making room for me on the bench. "Bill's scooping it out like sand and we're enjoying ourselves meanwhile."

I sat down beside him under the glare of the electric light and lit my pipe. Presently Brennan turned to me with a grin and remarked, "You ought to see Bill to-night. He's been drinking gin till he can hardly keep his seat on his engines. Hear him!"

As the boom settled with a roar after depositing a load on a car, I heard quite distinctly a snatch of song. Some one was singing a very good tenor. "Is that Bill?" I asked.

"That's Bill," was the response. "When he gets too much, he sings. I reckon he *could* sing, once upon a time."

"I should think they'd fire him," I ventured.

"No fear," Brennan said promptly. "Drunk or sober, there's nobody else can handle a dredge like Bill."

As I scrambled up to the track Bill yelled to me. His dark eyes shone too brightly for health. His thin hands worked nervously over his pipe-bowl. His voice, however, was steady and clear. "It'll be an hour before the shots go off," he said affably. "Let's go and sit on the reef and smoke."

We climbed off the dredge and up among the blocks of coral beyond the

track. Here we sat down to breathe the warm air while Brennan's crew splashed and bubbled below in the pool. The waning moon peered over Diamond Head and threw portentous shadows across sleeping Kakaako. Bill glanced over his shoulder and shivered. "I don't like the moonlight," he said abruptly. "I went to sleep one night, down on the equator, on the deck of a schooner, and woke to find one arm strung up over my head. Muscles gone wrong. Two months before I could unclothe my fingers."

"I know," I said lightly. "And some people it drives insane. But that sort of *kabuna* is n't rife down here."

He grunted and lay back on the white coral, his pipe gripped in his teeth. As he did so, I caught sight of something beyond him. "Talking of *kabuna*," I said, "there's some right the other side of you. I guess that's Miss Minnie again."

He sat up quickly. "What do you know about Miss Minnie?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I replied; "only I found a little girl down here the other night with a *ti*-leaf, a banana, and a sour-sop. She said it was Miss Minnie. The Jap nurse said it was *kabuna*."

Bill looked round him angrily. "Little baby with pigtailed down her little nightie?" he inquired. "I told that Jap woman that if she let that baby come down here again without telling me I'd kill her. Just think if Brennan set off a shot while she was—was playing here!" His voice croaked angrily into the night.

"You know her?" I said. "What's the *kabuna*?"

He looked at me, got to his feet, and strode off a few steps. He peered round cautiously, and then went over to the little offering and stared down at it. He came back slowly.

"What sort of magic is it?" I repeated.

"Only a baby's," he said sulkily. "You would n't understand."

"Who is Miss Minnie?" —"Mith Minnie *Mipplb*?" I quoted.

Bill poked a thin finger into a hole in the coral and chuckled. "She's a fairy," he said. "She lives down here in the coral."

I looked my curiosity, and Bill chuckled again. "You just ask the little girl," he broke off curtly. "But I'll see that the Jap keeps her away from this reef nights. A rock from a blast might hit her little head." He walked over and picked up the bottle that stood by the offering. "Smell it?" he remarked, holding the uncorked throat to my nostrils.

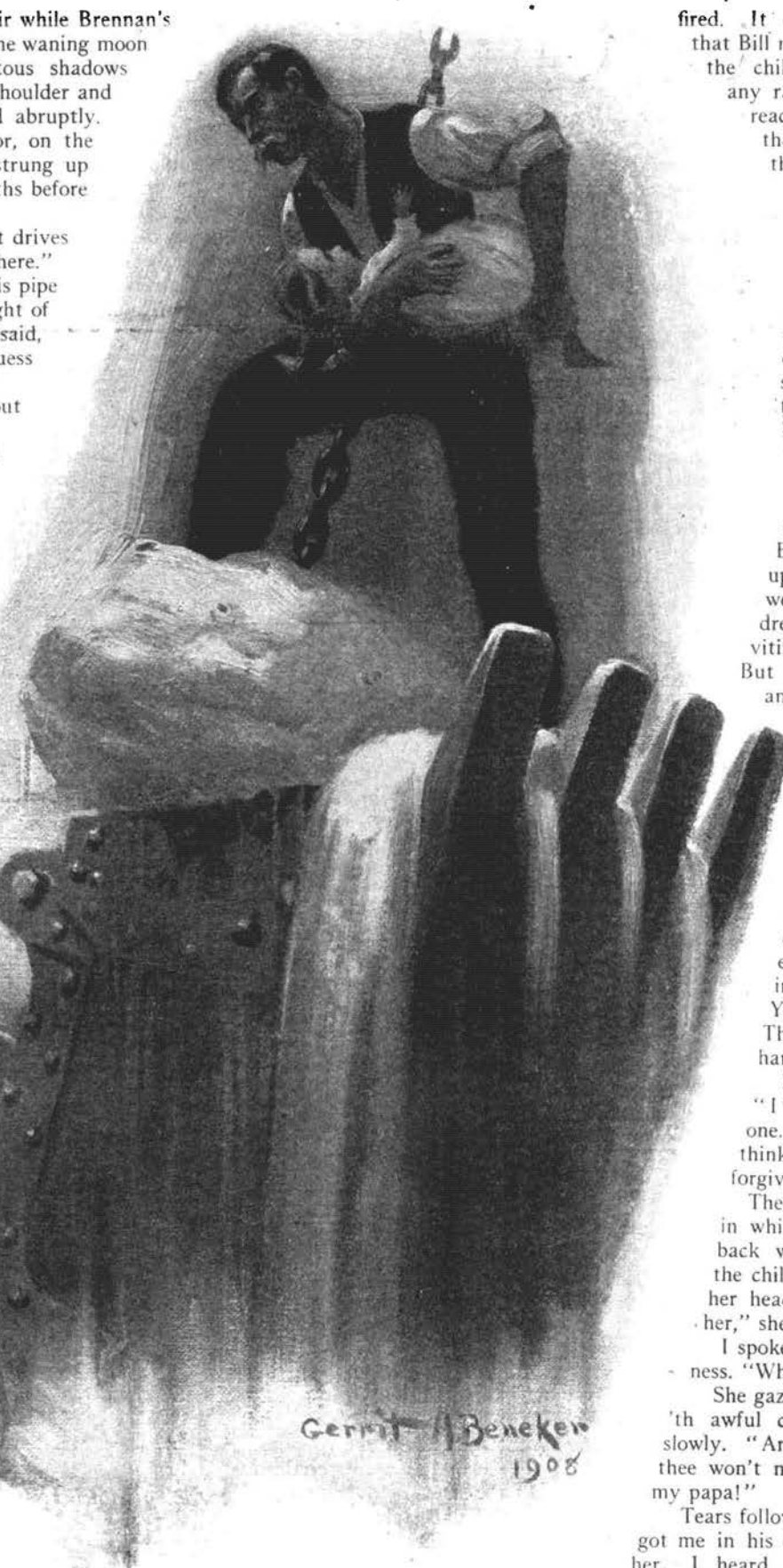
"Perfume!" I exclaimed.

Bill carefully set the flask back by the other articles and we went away. As he climbed aboard the dredge he turned to say, with an air of indifference, "What sort of cologne did you make that out to be?"

"Violets," I said.

"I thought so." He nodded and disappeared within the dredge. As I walked back to town the windows along the street shook. I heard the roar of a blast. Then the big shovel clattered as it resumed work.

I did not visit the dredge again for a month. Then I stopped as I was about to cross the track and climb down the bank. I saw a little figure bent over a patch of white coral. It was the baby with the pigtailed. She was too busy to notice me till my feet crunched behind her.



"He was trying to regain the boom"

Then she looked round without alarm. I could see her smile in the luminous dusk. Her hands held a tattered *ti*-leaf on which reposed a very dead box-fish and a stunted banana. She laid these offerings down and carefully propped up beside them a tiny, fanciful flask with a glass stopper. Before releasing this last she inhaled from it luxuriously. Then she pattered over to me. I lifted her into my arms and she snuggled down sleepily. "Abberta had to tum and pit things for Mith Minnie *Mipplb*," she murmured. "Abberta wunned away!" Her rosebud lips parted in a sigh, and she slept.

I carried her back Kakaako way, but failed to discover any Japanese nurse. I had turned back when I heard the dredger cease operations, and I knew that presently a blast would be

fired. It occurred to me that Bill might know where the child belonged. At any rate I had time to reach the shelter of the dredge before the blast went off.

Bill received me in silence. He listened to my explanation of how I had found the little girl, and then, not before, condescended to speak. "I'll have to see that Jap," he threatened. "Now give me the kid."

I surrendered my charge, and Bill gathered her up tenderly and went back into the dredge without inviting me to follow. But I went after him, and we sat together on the coal-sacks waiting for the "shot."

It came very soon, and as the dredge rocked in the broken water the baby opened her eyes and whispered, "Top hurting Mith Minnie! You're hurting her! Thee *boo-boo* very hard!"

Bill sighed softly. "I'm sorry, little one. But don't you think Miss Minnie will forgive me this once?"

The water in the pool in which we lay surged back with a rush, and the child sat up, shaking her head. "You hurted her," she said solemnly.

I spoke out of the darkness. "Who is Miss Minnie?"

She gazed at me. "Thee 'th awful croth," she lisped slowly. "And if thee 'th *croth*, thee won't never brung back my papa!"

Tears followed, and Bill forgot me in his efforts to console her. I heard him assert with conviction that Miss Minnie would

blame it all to him and *not* refuse to bring some one's papa back.

"Then thee won't never brung you your little dir," she said, still sobbing. "'Nd you'll be *awful* thorry!"

To this Bill returned no intelligible answer, but held her out to me.

"She lives on Riva Lane, second door down off King, to the left, just behind the carpenter shop. Tell that Jap woman for me that I'll kill her, next time."

I took my charge ashore and went up to King Street, leaving behind me the mutter of the dredge once more at work down in the coral. At Queen a mounted policeman stopped me and threw the beam of his pocket lantern down upon the baby. His face relaxed when I explained that I was taking her home. As he cantered away, he turned back an instant and cried, "Tell that nurse I'll skin her alive!" The rest

EXPECT GREAT THINGS *of* YOURSELF

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A SOLDIER once took a message to Napoleon in such great haste that the horse he rode dropped dead before he delivered the paper. Napoleon dictated his answer and, handing it to the messenger, ordered him to mount his own horse and deliver it with all possible speed.

The messenger looked at the magnificent animal, with its superb trappings, and said, "Nay, General, but this is too gorgeous, too magnificent for a common soldier."

Napoleon said, "Nothing is too good or too magnificent for a French soldier."

The world is full of people like this poor French soldier, who think that what others have is too good for them; that it does not fit their humble condition; that they are not expected to have as good things as those who are "more favored." They do not realize how they weaken themselves by this mental attitude of self-depreciation or self-effacement. They do not claim enough for, do not expect enough, do not demand enough of themselves.

You will never become a giant if you only make a pygmy's claim for yourself, if you only expect a pygmy's part. There is no law which will cause a pygmy's thinking to produce a giant. The statue follows the model.

Most people have been educated to think that they were not intended to have the best there is in the world; that the good and beautiful things of life were not intended for them; that these were reserved for those especially favored by fortune. They have grown up under this conviction of their inferiority, and, of course, they will be comparatively inferior until they claim superiority as their birthright. A vast number of men and women, who are really capable of doing great things, do small things, live mediocre lives, because they do not expect enough, do not demand enough of themselves. They do not know how to call out their best.

One reason why the human race as a whole has not measured up to its possibilities, to its promise; one reason why we see everywhere splendid ability doing the work of mediocrity, is because people do not think half enough of themselves. They do not realize their divinity, and that they are a part of the great causation principle of the universe.

We do not think highly enough of our superb birthright. We do not realize to what heights and grandeur we were intended and expected to rise, or to what extent we can really be masters of ourselves; that we can control our destiny, make ourselves do what is possible to us, make ourselves what we long to be.

The Stimulus of the Affirmative "I, myself, am good fortune," says Walt Whitman.

If we could only realize that the very attitude of assuming that we are the real embodiment of the thing we long to be or to attain, that we possess the good things we long for, not that we possess all the qualities of good, but that we are these qualities—with the constant affirming, "I myself, am good luck, good fortune; I am myself a part of the great creative, sustaining principle of the universe, because my real, divine self and my Father are one,"—what a revolution would come to earth's toilers!

"Nerve us with incessant affirmatives," well said the Sage of Concord. Few people understand the tremendous force there is in a vigorous, perpetual affirmation of the things we long to be or that we are determined to accomplish. Great things are done under the stress of overpowering conviction of one's ability to do the thing he undertakes, under the stimulus of a vigorous affirmative expressed with unflinching determination. One might as well have tried to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to have attempted to turn Napoleon from his course or to change his decision. What did he care for the Alps, for "impassable" rivers, or for desert sands!

The very intensity, the force of your affirmative, of your confidence in your ability to do the thing you attempt, is definitely related to the degree of your achievement.

We often wonder how such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and Andrew Carnegie manage to make so much money; and we are apt to think that there is some magic in the matter; that they must be great geniuses, or that luck has had a great deal to do with their success.

You Create Your Conditions But, if we analyzed the causes, we should find that when these men first started out in active life they held the confident, vigorous, persistent thought

of, the robust belief in their ability to accomplish what they had undertaken. Their mental attitude was set so stubbornly toward their goal that the doubts and fears which dog and hinder and frighten the man who holds a low estimate of himself, who asks but little, demands but little, expects but little, of or for himself, got out of their path, and the world made way for them.

We are very apt to think of men who have been unusually successful in any line as greatly favored by fortune; and we try to account for

it in all sorts of ways but the right one. The fact is that their position and their condition represent their expectations of themselves, the sum of their positive, creative, habitual thinking. Their success is their mental attitude outpictured, made tangible in their environment. They have wrought, created, what they have and what they are out of their constructive thought.

Think of a man trying to create wealth when his whole mental attitude, when his very face and manner seem to say, "Keep away from me, Prosperity; do not come near me. I would like to have you, but you were evidently not intended for me. My mission in life is a humble one, and, while I wish I could have the good things which the more fortunate enjoy, I really do not expect them. It is true, I keep working for them, but I do not really expect to attain them."

Abundance can not get near a person holding such a mental attitude. Prosperity is a product of the creative mind. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative mind, one that repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

Oh, what paupers our doubts and fears make of us!

No mind, no intellect is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction.

One of the greatest problems of modern science is to discover means by which the great energies or forces which are going to waste all about us may be utilized. It is a well-known fact that the finest locomotive yet made has succeeded in utilizing only about fifteen per cent. of the energy of its fuel. Eighty-five per cent. of the sun's force stored up in the coal is lost. Great forces of nature are everywhere going to waste because man does not know how to control them, to marshal them, to harness them to his uses.

On every hand we see great human ability doing the work of mediocrity or running to waste; splendid possibilities in rags and hovels; men of quality and talent living shiftlessly in narrowness and squalor; thousands of men and women, who have reached their gray-hair period, having still seventy-five, eighty, or ninety per cent. of their ability undeveloped, untouched. They are small, mean, and pinched, when, had they discovered themselves and demanded the best of themselves, they might have been large, broad, full, and complete.

Very few people ever become aroused to the full extent of their possibilities. They never make exploring voyages within themselves, and they carry with them to their graves great, undiscovered continents of ability—pass beyond with the best thing in them unexpressed. They live relatively in the condition of the Indian when America was discovered. They know scarcely anything about the country in which they live. They are satisfied to huddle together on the shores, cultivate a little fringe of the soil, and to leave the vast continent beyond undiscovered. They live wholly unconscious of the rich mines and untold resources of possible wealth in the interior of themselves.

We should think there was something the matter with a man who would leave nine-tenths of a large fortune lying idle all his life, only investing or improving one-tenth; yet how many of us are using only one-tenth of our mental capital because we have never discovered the nine-tenths, or learned how to get hold of ourselves to use our entire capital effectively!

Perhaps there is no other one thing which keeps so many people back as the conviction of lack of ability, their low estimate of themselves. They are more handicapped by their limiting thought, by their foolish convictions of inefficiency, than by almost anything else, for *there is no power in the universe that can help a man do a thing when he thinks he can not do it.* Self-faith must lead the way, confidence must precede the dollar. You can not go beyond the limits you set for yourself.

It is one of the most difficult things to a mortal to really believe in his own bigness, in his own grandeur; to believe that his yearnings and hungerings and aspirations for higher, grander things have any real, ultimate end or basis in reality. But they are, in fact, the signs of ability to match them, of power to make them real. They are the stirrings of the divinity within us, the call to something better, to go higher.

No man gets very far in the world or expresses great power until he catches a glimpse of his higher, grander self; until he realizes that his ambition, his aspiration is a proof of his ability to reach the ideal which haunts him. The Creator would not have mocked us with the yearning for infinite achievement, with the longing for unspeakable accomplishment, without giving us the ability and the opportunity for realizing them, any more than he would have mocked the wild birds with an instinct to

[Continued on page 462]

AFTER ELEPHANTS *in* EAST AFRICA

BY W.G. FITZ-GERALD

How an Insignificant Man Sets About to Capture and Conquer the Largest of All Land Animals

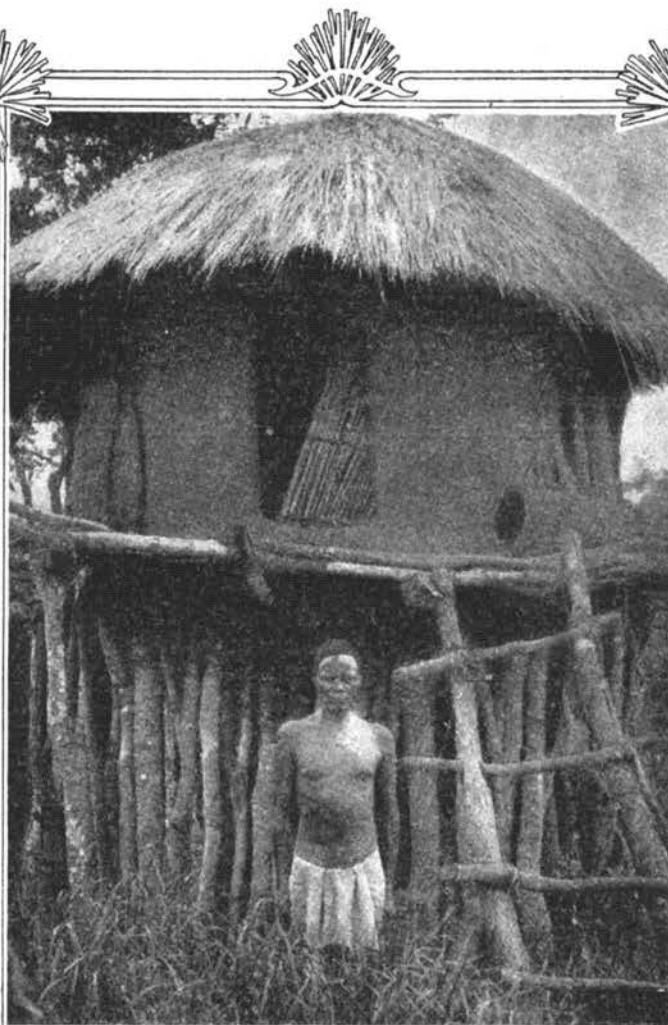


I HAD poor luck in Toro, a country of undulating hills intersected by papyrus swamps, with a few plantations of banana palms. After paying \$250 in license fees at Mombasa, entitling me to shoot "four-tuskers" only, I had hoped for great things. Yet here was only the spoor of by-gone herds. Never before had I realized how the demand for ivory and the opening up of Africa's waste places had reduced the number of earth's grandest game.

Did you know that a fine African elephant, weighing five or six tons, is slaughtered only for two teeth, and that these may yield less than a dozen billiard balls? One firm of ivory turners in London calls for the tusks of 1,140 jungle giants every year! No wonder the current price is \$540 a hundredweight.

Still, humanitarian reflections would bring me no ivory; and I felt sure urgent cables awaited me on the coast. I decided to return to Fort Gerry by a different route; and six or seven days later beheld a superb sight from the pinnacle of a twelve-foot ant-hill. A magnificent herd of elephants at least a thousand strong went swaying through the dense, thorny manuka scrub, laying it flat as a lawn. Some of the monsters seemed to sail, with huge ears outspread. Now and then groups would drop out of the weird armada and stand a few moments, blowing water and dust over their corrugated hides.

I camped for two days on a plain six miles wide, covered with short grass and dotted with clumps of *euphorbia* and thorn bush. During the rains it is the home of countless reed buck and herds of Uganda *kob*. I feel sure that ten years ago there were as many elephants there as I saw lately in the Dinka country of the Upper Nile. Yet, knowing that I must hurry, I left the Semliki River and traveled west to the hills



Mr. Fitz-Gerald's principal gun-bearer and his house on stilts from which he watched the elephants

of Mboga, a country of miniature canyons, intersected with wild ravines, full of coarse, reedy elephant grass, ten feet high.

There I camped and sent out scouts to search for "*njojo*," the local name for elephant. One of my men came running in, the same afternoon, vastly excited. He told me of a fabulous tusker an hour or two away, and I forthwith made up a party and set out. It was terribly hot when we reached a jungle of thorns and grass some twenty feet high, and I planted one of my boys on a high ant-hill while I lunched.

Now and then I caught sight of a small elephant—carrying beautiful teeth, however, respectively seven feet, nine inches, and seven feet; quite 150 pounds of ivory. I lost him at times, and got badly torn by the aptly named "wait-a-bit" thorns. For some hours he eluded me. Suddenly the slight crack of a twig and the rustling of the high, coarse grass showed the monster was coming. He glided past a slight gap in the thicket like a specter, but I could not get a shot with my heavy .450 rifle, although within twenty yards.

I never could understand how elephants manage to glide through the most tangled jungle almost without a sound. On the other hand, when they are thoroughly frightened, the uproar they make is deafening beyond measure.

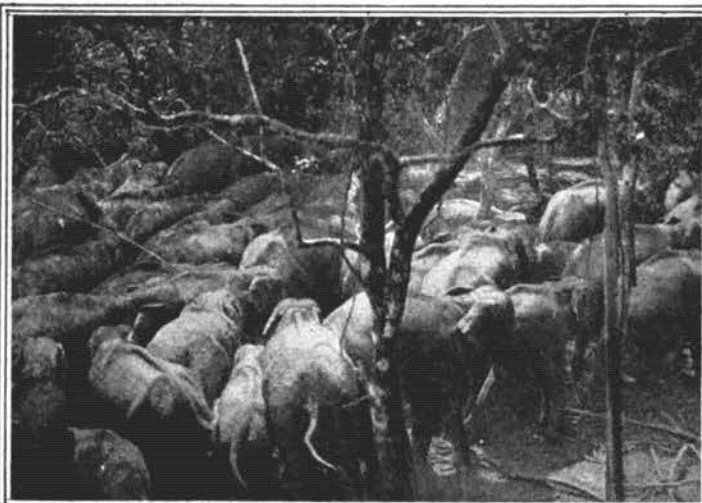
I followed that elephant down stream for a few hundred yards, and came upon him suddenly, drinking from a small mud-hole only ten yards off. He gave me a half side shot and I fired at his head, giving him a second shot as he swung around. Down he came like an avalanche, shaking the earth, and thrashing the reeds with his furious trunk. Fearing that he

might rise again, I ran up to give the *coup de grâce*.

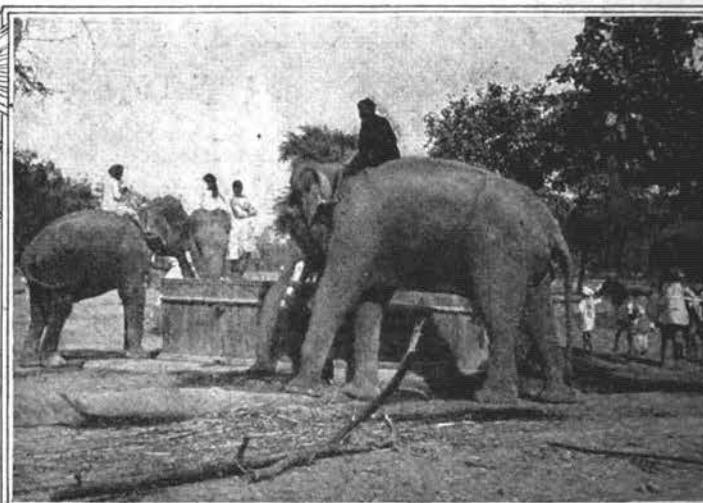
Remember, I could not see the monster, so dense was the grass. I was almost upon him when a cold puff on the back of my neck gave me a warning that sent a shiver of terror through me. As I leaped back, the dying elephant struggled to his feet, and his great, feeling trunk came puffing and quivering forward within a yard or two of my face.

The next moment I heard my gun-bearer scream with consternation. There was a loud trumpet note, and the huge creature which I be-





A herd of elephants photographed from a tree top



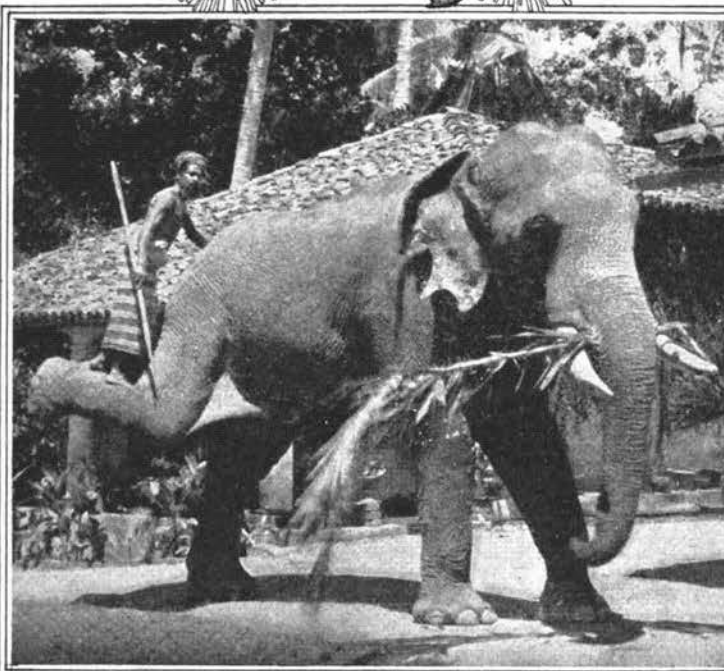
Elephants ready to be used in construction work

lieved was almost dead charged down upon me, with little pig-like eyes alight with fury. At such a moment no man reasons sanely; pure instinct holds the field. I ran, and my tough khaki clothing was literally torn to shreds and my skin rent in a hundred places, as though I had been slashed with sabers.

It was a blind rush from destruction, chased by a ponderous terror, trumpeting and screaming. As I look back upon years of narrow escapes, I am amazed at the bursts of speed of which a wounded elephant is capable. I feel sure the creature could overtake even a fast horse in a short run. On this occasion I knew I could not last another minute. The pace was killing me.

Suddenly my toe struck against some creeping roots, and I fell with a stunning crash. Of course, I thought all was over—more especially as I felt some great mass strike me as it passed. Evidently the elephant was so close behind when I fell that mere momentum carried him over my prostrate form, and he clouted me sharply with one of his hind legs as he thundered over me and through the jungle. Dimly I remember hearing his mighty fall; but I felt only half alive myself.

In a few minutes my boys mysteriously appeared on the scene and helped me on my legs. My clothes were reduced to grotesque rags, I was covered with blood, and bruised from head to foot. They assisted me on a few yards, and there lay the monster, who had so nearly ended



Helping his rider to mount

my career as ivory-hunter-in-ordinary to the markets of Antwerp and London.

It seems pitiful to think that when the tusks of such a giant are chopped out the rest of the mighty carcass is entirely useless, save as food for naked savages, who in some mysterious way get to know of such a kill and swarm upon the camp like vultures. I remember shooting four elephants in a single day in Unyoro and seeing the whole twenty tons of meat disappear in six hours. Nothing remained but the gaunt, arch-

ing ribs, like the skeleton of a shipwreck, with a few disconsolate vultures perched upon them, probably regretting they had been forestalled by their human counterparts.

I did not stay long in Mboga, for the prevailing type of elephant was much smaller than in Toro, and carried very long, thin tusks. A Belgian officer had just shot two cows carrying tusks four feet long and no thicker than the barrel of a rifle. On the following day, I was guilty of shooting a cow elephant; but, at least, I had the excuse of hoping to send the calf into Fort Gerry.

The little fellow stood some three feet high, and stalked toward us in a most majestic and threatening manner, rumbling and grunting on at least a twelve-foot scale. So confident was his advance that my boys, guns and all, fled without more ado; and it was only when I had caught the little chap by

the tail that they ventured back. I must say that his strength was something amazing. It needed the united efforts of myself and four stalwart savages to throw and rope him.

We tied the baby's legs together and laid him under a tree, squealing and shrieking like a steam engine. Whether in his vocal efforts he did himself serious injury, or whether the heat of the sun affected him, I know not; but the sad fact remains that, after I had made elaborate and costly arrangements for the little beast's transport to Fort Gerry, he left the

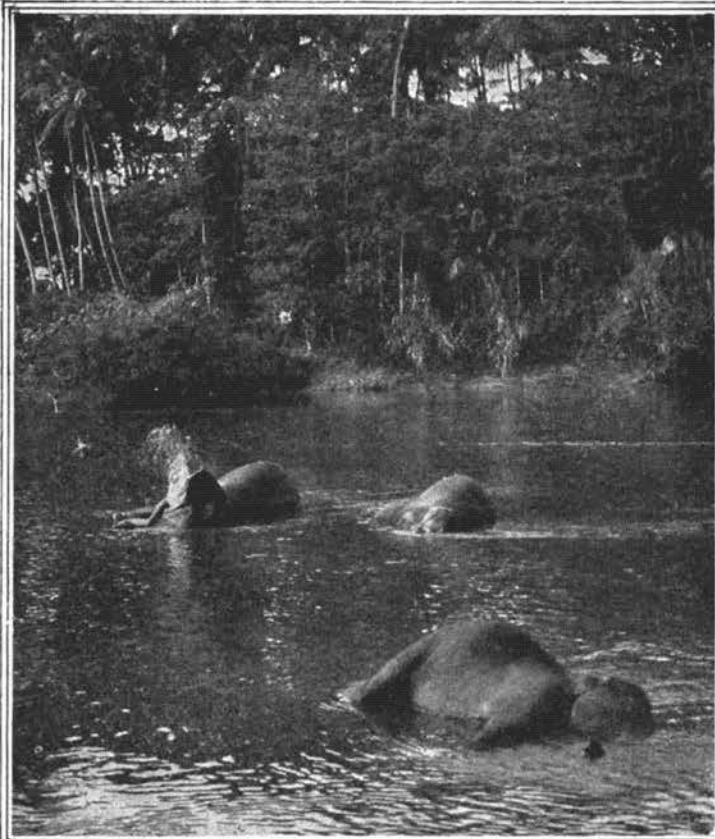


An elephant hunter's caravan



Elephant tusks stored in a warehouse

The three upper photographs are from stereographs. Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.



Wild elephants bathing and playing in an African stream



A tethered captive, showing first signs of anger

earthly trials of pitfalls and four-bores at sunset.

The next morning I struck camp and went south into a deep gorge filled with incredibly dense forest. There my boys and I descended a steep grass slope into the rocky coolness of the gorge itself, where the scrub was cut up in all directions by elephant and buffalo spoor. Suddenly, with much puffing, pawing, and snorting, some buffalo rushed past at about thirty yards, at the same time starting some elephants, which we heard crashing up the slope.

We soon struck the elephant spoor and began to approach cautiously the spot where we could hear them grunting and rumbling. By stooping low it was possible to follow the path; but so dense was the jungle we could not see two yards ahead. I ventured to within ten yards of the giants and then stood erect, hoping that some movement of theirs would reveal their whereabouts. But, though their fright had passed and they had started feeding, I could see nothing but an occasional waving of the leaves.

I was balancing myself on a slippery bank, or wall, of wet clay, and was fast getting anxious about my own safety. Almost inch by inch I approached the feeding elephants, until only a thick tangle of lianes separated us. I could hear the monsters breathing—felt half afraid they must hear the thump of my heart. I assure you there is nothing in this world more exciting than hunting such gigantic game in this kind of country, where the human being is in many ways so helpless, notwithstanding the won-



Bringing home the baby elephant

derful weapons of precision in his hands. Twenty years of experience tells me that a whole regiment of lions can not produce the same moral effect as one twelve-foot African tusker when he cocks his big sail-like ears, draws himself up to his full height and looks at you, letting off at the same time a blood-curdling scream; while in all probability others invisible to you are stampeding on all sides with the din and vibration of an earthquake. Surrounded in a dense jungle by a herd of elephants they seem to block out the whole horizon. One I measured was actually sixteen feet from edge of ear to edge of ear. No wonder my insignificant self seemed to shrivel and my huge express rifle to dwindle into a mere pea shooter. Try as I will on such occasions, I can never overcome my sense of terror, and always feel inclined to throw down my elephant gun and run for safety till I drop.

At last I maneuvered round, and with beating heart found myself face to face with a huge tusker. With trembling hands I seized my .303 from the bearer by my side, and sent a bullet into his massive head. He collapsed backwards down the wooded slope, gaining impetus as he went. Big trees, thorny scrub, and great boulders of rock vanished like chaff, until a mighty old veteran trunk pulled him up short, perhaps a hundred yards below. A path like a sea wall led down to the huge struggling creature. He had very long teeth for their weight—eight feet, four inches (tip slightly broken), and seven feet, four inches.



Elephant scouts conversing with a white hunter

The CLOTH OF HER COUNTRY

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

Illustrated by HARRIET MEADE OLCOTT

THIS has to do mainly with Miss Caroline Red and Miss Heady, but incidentally with Coogan, private in a certain company of infantry of the United States Army.

Personally I would rather discuss Private Coogan alone and unattended from any standpoint you might suggest, than deal with either Miss Red or Miss Heady a single sentence's worth, but all three are a part of the tale.

operatic star and a lowly private of the United States Army.

To get at that I must drag Miss Heady in by the ears; a most undignified manner of presentation. Miss Heady belied her name. She was nothing of the sort. She was, to put it mildly, a little foolish.

Miss Heady's father was a new senator, or something, from a far Western state. He acci-

That suggestion also suggested money. It harked back to the \$90 ore in the hole in the ground. There was still lots of it—the ore.

"You can appreciate that such a thing would be unheard-of—a widely heralded operatic star making her real *début* on American soil, at a private *musical*," suggested the secretary. "It would be worth an Associated Press dispatch. Associated Press dispatches reach Washington.

It might be—er—conveyed, that the lady was doing it, not for mercenary purposes, but as a personal favor."

Miss Red had never heard of the Headys in all her young life.

However, the suggestion took the form of a tentative "feeler" toward the manager of Miss Red, who, the papers said, "was quietly resting at her home preparing for her great ordeal."

The manager was responsive. He was also mercenary. He named a sum that was simply staggering, and the Headys accepted it so quickly that he regretted he had not doubled it.

Miss Red was not so responsive, but she was human. It was a lot of money, and one cannot eat laurel wreaths.

She was to sing at the theater on a certain night. The *musical* was set for the afternoon of the same day.

Thus was society to save money, per the kindness of the Headys, because the price of seats at the theater for the occasion of Miss Red's public *début* was something to think about.

You can well imagine the tumult that set in at the Heady mansion. I need not go into detail concerning the hothouses which were snatched up by the roots and moved bodily to the mansion; of the long list of invitations; of the thousand and one incidents that were attendant upon the preparation for that great event; announcement of which had created a furor.

I might mention, just in passing, however, that Miss Red, "resting quietly in preparation for her great ordeal," did not care especially for the intimations in the papers that she was an old friend of the Headys and was going to sing to oblige. No, not especially.

But it is quite certain that the Headys were being looked up to and bowed to socially in a manner that may have either been indicative of an awakening to their importance, or of plots for invitations.

We pass now to Private Coogan, and his part in the story.

It was nothing strange that Private Coogan received his pay on the day before the great event. It is not strange that he should decide to take advantage of his twenty-four hour pass to attend a comic opera at one of the theaters in the city that evening. It is not strange, but unusual, perhaps, that he should give up \$1.50 for a loge seat on the main floor, when he could have gone into a balcony for a third of the money. But Private Coogan liked shows, and



"Sang until her mother called a halt"

As every one knows, or ought to know, the United States uniform is a badge of honor. I defy any one to deny this.

Firstly, it is a certificate of perfect physical condition. Any one who has undergone the thumpings and the soundings, and the "read-me-these-signs" tests of the recruiting sergeant will bear me out. Secondly, it is an affidavit of ordinary intelligence. Let any one who can not read or write try to slip by the first degree of the sergeant's inquisition! Thirdly, it is a sworn document of good character. I believe there is no necessity for argument here.

Well, then, as I started out to relate, Coogan was, and no doubt is right now, a private of the regular army, and a good man—as I call Captain Carey to witness.

Which will do for Coogan for awhile.

Turning to Miss Red, as the political biography says: "The subject of our sketch is so well known as to need little introduction." She is the American girl who came back to this country after an absence of many years, loaded to the eyebrows with laurels and things acquired in England, France, Germany; and some other foreign ports which I do not readily recall. She is young, beautiful, and—well, you know Miss Red by reputation. Also she is American. Somehow she can not forget that. They say that when the big liner, on which she was a passenger, steamed in sight of the bronze lady who stands at the head of New York Harbor, Miss Red—but then you are probably trying to solve the puzzle of the connection between the nation's greatest

dentally stumbled across some \$90 ore one day in a hole which a cheerful idiot had scratched and then blithely abandoned. Enough \$90 ore, and judicious management thereof can purchase senatorships out West, no matter what the untrammelled press of that section tells you.

It can not always buy position in certain social circles, however, which is one of the few remaining wonders of the world.

Now Miss Red was to make her American *début* in the town where she was born. Don't ask me why. I've heard it was sentiment, or something like that.

The Headys, root and branch, honored the same city with their residence. So also did Private Coogan, to favor the War Department, which had gone to great expense in establishing a military post there. Miss Red lived with her mother; the Headys lived with enough servants to run a sanatorium; Private Coogan lived with a regiment of his ilk.

The Headys, among other things, had a private secretary, who was wise in his day and generation. He will appear herein but this one time. His duties were many. He had to write speeches for Mr. Heady—but that is aside. He had to do his no small part toward furthering the social campaign of the Headys. The campaign had been very backward. Society was quite shy, for some reason.

It was he who suggested to Miss Heady and Mrs. Heady that a terrific blow at the solar plexus of society would be a *musical*, with Miss Red as the star, before she made her public *début*.

with \$15 in his pocket—Coogan was on his second "hitch"—he felt the expense was justifiable.

It was merely a coincidence that the Headys had the loge behind him with a couple of society folks as their guests.

It was still another coincidence that Miss Red, tired of her quiet resting, should decide to look in on the show.

That the gracious management had left only the other seats in the loge wherein Private Coogan had secured a berth adds to the coincidence. The manager placed these, graciously, at the disposal of Miss Red and her mother when they whirled up to the theater in a big, black, hooded auto. He mentioned casually that one seat therein had already been sold. He did not say that it had been sold to a soldier because he did not remember that it had.

The entrance of Miss Red created a mild sensation in the theater when rumor was generously circulated as to her identity. It created real excitement in the Heady loge when it finally reached there.

Miss Heady, in a ferment of agitation, was just about to insinuate herself into the Red loge when in stalked Private Coogan, bold as the brass U. S. A. lettering and cross-guns on his collar.

A strapping big fellow is Private Coogan, full six feet two in his shoes. As he would have said, he was "policed up." His blue blouse fitted him like a corset. There was not a wrinkle from the close-fitting collar to the hem of the skirts. The buttons were as gold. White cuffs showed at his wrists. A high white collar stood out above the blue. His hair, parted like a collegian's, far down the left side, was as smooth as a mouse's coat. His blue trousers were creased to a knife edge. His shoes—not the issue kind, but store shoes, understand—were patent leather, buttoned.

His face, tanned a rich brown, was clean-shaven. Every feature, from the high forehead to the square-cut jaw, was carved to the fineness of the fur on a cat's back.

His finger nails were clean and trimmed. His hands were as white and well cared for as a woman's. They issue gloves in the army, you know.

As Private Coogan entered the loge behind the usher, Miss Heady stared. Mrs. Heady lorgnetted. Mr. Heady gasped. Their guests did all three at once. Mrs. Red merely glanced at Coogan. Miss Red looked friendly. Private Coogan did nothing but sit down and interest himself in his program.

The audience seeing nothing particularly remarkable about Miss Red had long before resumed the same occupation. Few noticed the arrival of Private Coogan, and none paid any attention to it.

Now there is nothing unusual about all this, is there?

There is not, or there would n't have been if Miss Heady had not been foolish, as I have mentioned.

There was a subdued whispering back in the Heady loge. Then Miss Heady called an usher. There was more whispering, and the usher departed in great haste.

Meanwhile the curtain had gone up on the first act. Came the gracious manager to the Heady loge, very obsequious. More whisper-

ing. Then the manager, now stern and forbidding, stepped into the Red-Coogan loge, bowed profoundly to Miss Red, and tapped Private Coogan on the shoulder.

"Want to see you outside a moment," said the manager.

Private Coogan followed him, somewhat wonderingly. Out in the foyer the manager said: "Don't like to do this, my man, but the ladies object to you being in there. I'll give you the money you paid for your seat, and a seat upstairs."

"What's the matter?" asked Coogan, without passion, but the tan had been painted out of his cheeks by a coat of dead white.

"Nothing; nothing the matter—nothing at all," said the manager, flustered at the coolness of Coogan. "Only them women in the box with you kick on a common soldier; it's the uniform, you know. I hate to do it, but the window man made a mistake when he sold you the tickets."

Did Coogan make a great to-do? Not at all. He had heard, vaguely, that such things had

The Miss Heady again displayed the affliction I have set down heretofore. She sent again for the manager. Further whispering, very low—so low none but the manager heard.

With bows and smile went the manager to Miss Red.

"Miss Heady, back of you, you know, suggested the removal of the person just here. Very unfortunate—we sold him the ticket, but accidents will happen in the rush, etc. Miss Heady begs an introduction. You sing at her musicale to-morrow, you know."

What Miss Red said to the manager in a brisk undertone only she and the manager know. The manager will not tell. Anyway, Miss Red and Miss Red's mother arose immediately, in the middle of the act, with their wraps over their arms, and left the loge, the manager, pale and humble, following.

Again that lamentable quality of Miss Heady's. She arose, all gracious smiles, and went out into the aisle to meet Miss Red. I have no doubt she thought the young singer was coming out for no other purpose than to meet her.

Miss Heady extended her hand. I have the rest on good authority.

"I am Miss Heady, Miss Red," she said in a most delighted tone. Inasmuch as she proposed paying Miss Red a young fortune for services to be rendered, you must agree that she had some right to expect a recognition, did n't she?

"Don't you dare speak to me!" was the astounding rejoinder of Miss Red. They say she looked "dangerously angry." Not knowing the exact aspect of a young woman under such circumstances I am not prepared to go into detail.

Also she spoke quite audibly. Many near by heard; hence my authority.

"I never in my life heard of such a despicable action," resumed Miss Red, still flaring. "My father wore that uniform! I never thought any one could stoop low enough to insult a gentleman wearing the cloth of my country! I am surprised—and

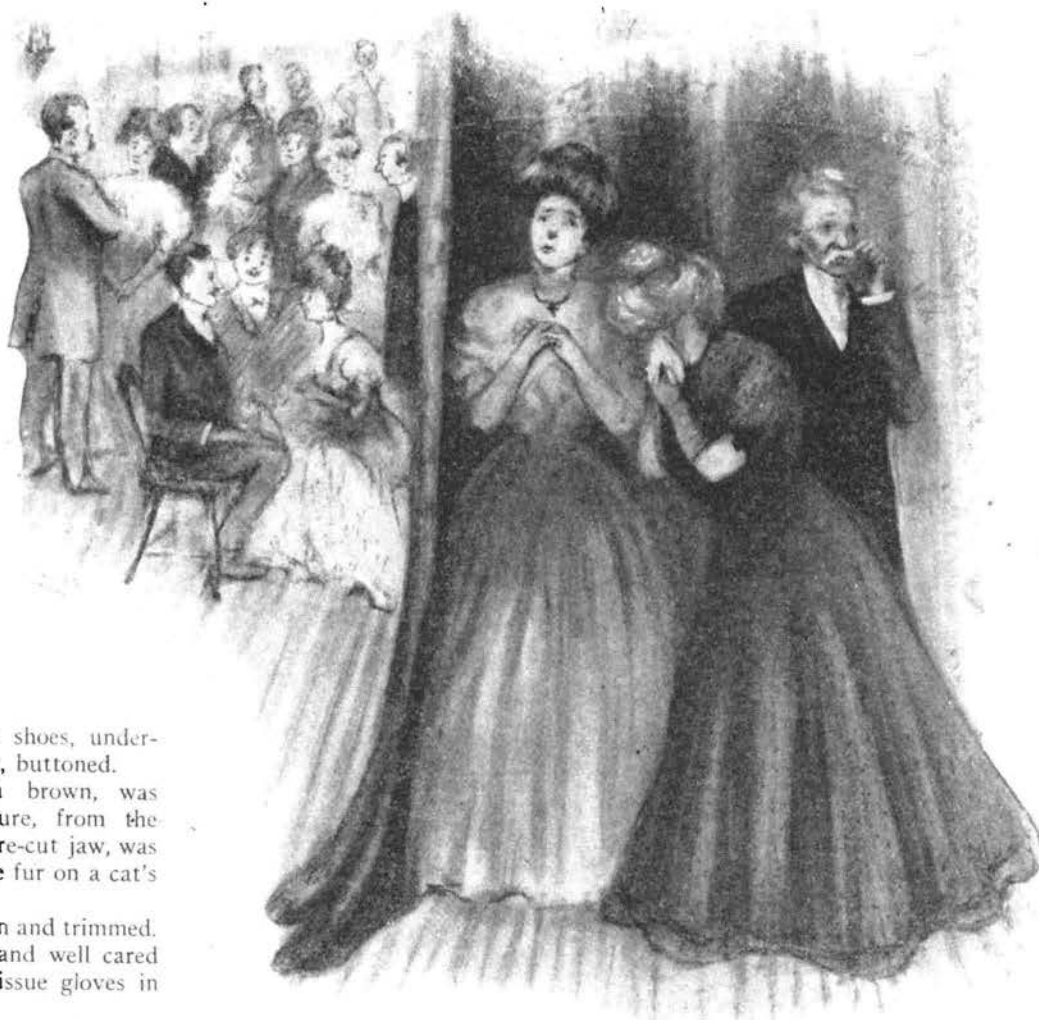
ashamed!" Miss Red and Miss Red's mother swept by in state, leaving the surprised Miss Heady standing in the aisle, hand outstretched, and for the moment speechless.

The big, black, hooded auto jolted noisily away, the chuff-chuff drowning the protests and apologies of the manager.

Miss Red later remembered that name Miss Heady had pronounced. She also recalled that she was to sing for such a name the following afternoon. Her first impulse was to telephone her manager to cancel the engagement. Then she had another impulse and said nothing to the manager at all.

Miss Heady rather expected a cancelation. So did all the other Headys. The Heady circle discussed it over in private and agreed that a cancelation was a foregone conclusion, in fact, and great was the wailing at the prospect. None coming that night, the Red manager was called

[Concluded on page 471]



"As the jam grew greater, the impatience waxed stronger."

been done before; that private soldiers were barred from places of amusements in many cities; but it had never before come under his personal observation. A row would have attracted attention. Private soldiers dislike that sort of thing as much as you do yourself. No, he took the \$1.50 proffered him by the manager, and walked out, coldly declining another seat.

"It's a rotten show, anyway," he said philosophically.

But don't think for a moment Coogan's feelings were not hurt. The big fellow had tears in his eyes, when he got outside—he who holds a certificate of merit for personal bravery—but he brushed them aside, boarded the next street-car for the fort—and forgot the matter.

Miss Red had observed the maneuvers of the manager with some interest. When the soldier did not reappear she began to suspect.

The EASIEST MONEY THERE IS

BY WILL IRWIN

Clairvoyants, palmists, trance-mediums, and astrologers flourish in every city and penetrate to every interior county-seat. We all like to be humbugged now and then; but no one who reads Mr. Irwin's cheerful exposure of the absurdity of the whole fortune-telling game is likely to be humbugged hereafter in this particular way

I.—Fifth Avenue

WHILE the lady of the stage next in line—she must be a lady of the stage, because she wears patent-leather boots with white-kid uppers, pays her visit to the seeress within, let us consider this front *salon* of Cassandra, palmist and crystal gazer. The place is not really on Fifth Avenue, but just off it, in the fifties. It is one of those houses, a generation ago the homes of such aristocracy as we breed, that are given over now to near-fashionable boarding-houses, wholly fashionable dressmaking establishments, and manufactories of frenzied *lingerie*.

To the walnut furniture, Brussels carpets, and old steel engravings that came with the lease, Cassandra has added certain touches which hint at a glorious and mysterious past. An old-fashioned cavalry saber, never made in this country, hangs over the white-marble mantel, just above a burning sheaf of Chinese punk. So disposed on the table as to invite inspection are a few dainty volumes of present-day British poets. One and all they are inscribed on the fly-leaf to "My dear Lady Gwendolyn," "The divine Lady Gwendolyn." Oriental hangings in the corners, an East Indian hooka on the table by the bow-window, indicate that the seeress has visited the very home of mystery and second-sight.

A maid who might have the first line in a Broadway show, so neat her ankle, so perky her cap, shows out the actress, collects your five dollars, and throws open a panel of the swinging doors to the rear. You are in the presence of—a Head of Hair.



"There's eight-hundred questions in that book"

For a dazzled half minute that Hair is the only thing you see. Such hair! It swells upward and backward; it falls to both sides; it frames her brilliant English complexion in a halo of glory. In color it shades from purplish henna at the top-knot to a red-gold over the ears. When you have accustomed yourself a

little to the dazzle of it, you discern two big, clear, violet-blue eyes, and at last a mouth all too thick and a chin all too heavy to match the wonders above.

But Cassandra is offering you her hand.

"Do you come for a character reading, or just the future?" she asks in an easy, musical English voice.

"Oh, the future!"

"Very well; I must see the crystal," says Cassandra; and with loving care she brings out a bright ball as big as the largest California orange. She sets it on the center-table on a black-velvet cushion, and adjusts it carefully, as though to get the proper light.

"I can't help speaking of your hair," you say, while she fusses with the crystal.

"Yes," says Cassandra, with a perfectly even intonation.

"You must be used to compliments on that hair," you pursue. "Now your eyes"—and you mention the eyes.

"You understand women so wonderfully!" murmurs Cassandra, beginning to concentrate on the crystal. "When a woman has some feature that every one

mentions, seek out some feature that no one else ever thought to mention!" And now she sinks her forehead to her joined finger-tips, and makes soft, far-away music with her voice:

"I see that you have to do with some learned profession. It seems to me that it is an art—and yet—what is your profession, sir?"

"Call it journalism."

"Ah, yes. I was going to say 'an art and yet not quite an art.' I see you taking a long journey in August. Isn't it Japan? Yes, I'm sure it is Japan. Oh, you may have no intention or thought of going now, but you will go. Before that, you will do an article which will attract great attention and will bring you into contact with many famous people—"

Cassandra's voice flutes out into silence. You study the boss at the center of the aureole made by that Hair.

"Who is that tall, light woman?" the seeress goes on. "She is n't in intense sympathy with you, but she has a marvelous influence on you. But she is n't *She*."

Cassandra searches the crystal a long time before she adds:

"No; *She* is tall, too, but darker. You do not know her yet. You will know that *She* is the One from the very first moment. I see you meeting in the street, somewhere far to the east. It appears like London to me, though it might be Paris. You look at her—and start. I see you two again, meeting in a place where there are lights and music. You know her soul at once—"

Another dip into the crystal.

"That will be the long love of your life. You will marry her three months later—in London, I think. I see important people all about

her—she must be connected with the Diplomatic Corps."

Cassandra lifts her head, rubs the porcelain-and-agate globes of her eyes,

and rests for a moment from seeing things.

"Dear old London," she begins. And Lady Gwendolyn—for it is she—spins you the romantic story of her life.

A week later you mention Cassandra to a friend.

"Ain't she a wonder?" says he. "Ever see such a head of hair? And those lamps! She's a-seer all right—got my life cold. We got awful chummy. Why, she told me all about herself—it's a regular romance!"

II.—Eighth Avenue

A SIGN at the narrow stair-entrance announced "Mrs. Boman, Trance, Test, Business, and Clairvoyant Medium." The way led up three pairs of greasy steps, past greasy doors, ash-cans, and the odors of dinners long since dead. On the very top flight I found her card.

A little weazened female head, crowned with wispy, gray hair, bobbed suddenly out of the half-opened door.

"Well?" said the head.

"Mrs. Bowman?"

"That's me!" Mrs. Bowman opened the door a trifle wider, showing a faded old wrapper. From a pair of great eyes, set in her pasty, thin face, all too early worn, she regarded me.

"You're a sitter, are you?" said she.

"Yes."

"It'll cost you two dollars. Ladies, one dollar; gentlemen full life reading with names, two."

"All right."

But still Mrs. Bowman regarded me.

"I dunno," she said. "Say, open your coat. You ain't got no detective badge under it, have you?"

Mrs. Bowman's keen clairvoyant powers are of no use to herself, it appears. I showed a clean waistcoat.

"Well, you've got to be careful," she said. Forthwith she opened to me.

It was a bedroom, looking out

with one window on a dirty court. A folding bed disguised as a picture gallery by prints from the Sunday papers, nearly covered one wall. From a curtain hung carelessly across one corner of the room protruded the leg of a wash-stand. Walls and mantel were covered with dingy gewgaws—mainly old photographs. In the center of the room was a sewing machine, which had stopped on the hem of a skirt; two piles of such skirts, those in one finished, those in the other unfinished, showed that the seeress did not depend for her living on her astral powers alone.

Mrs. Bowman drew a table and two chairs forward, motioned me to a seat, sat down herself, shaded her eyes with a hand in an attitude of Protestant prayer, and began:

"You have a nature that is yearning for love but ain't never going to git it, because you repel those as would come to you. Your aura is specially unfortunate as regards women. Though you have a yearning for love and affection, your coldness makes it seldom gratified."

"I see that you are ambitious for a change of employment. You want to travel. Don't do it. Your talents fits you for work behind the counter."



"Ain't something boining"

You may change the scenes but not the work. My guides lead me to a place kind of south and west of here; seems like it's Arkansas or Oklahoma. You'll go there before the year is up, because you're dissatisfied with your present surroundings. There you'll meet a medium-sized lady with blue eyes and golden hair. You'll marry her within the year, and—"

Mrs. Bowman broke off and shook her head, as one who looks at things too dreadful to describe.

"Write me after you marry her, asking me for readings and advice," she said mournfully.

"Will it turn out unhappily then?" I asked.

"Poor young man, I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Bowman; "but I sense a light, kind of, at the end."

III.—West Twenty-second Street

"NO SIGN: ring bell marked Eustis," said the advertisements of Professor Francis, seer and second-sight reader. I rang, I caught the door handle in time to beat the clicker, I walked up two flights. Professor Francis was waiting for me at the head of the stairs. He was a plump man, with a dark face and the far-looking eyes which mark his craft. He showed me into a room which was furnished, I swear it, from trading-stamps. The new gilt-and-gaud chair creaked and sagged with my weight as I sat down.

"Business or love reading?" he asked.

"Both," said I.

"Two dollars," I paid.

Professor Francis sat opposite me; appeared ill at ease.

"Did you come from the papers?" he asked presently.

"Did I come for what papers?" said I, and plumed myself on my presence of mind.

"Oh, nothing. I talk foolishness when I'm going into trance," said Professor Francis. Then he fixed his far, sad eye on a porcelain plaque (fifty green stamps) above my head, and proceeded:

"You have a nature delicate as a flower, but stern and unyielding, in its great moments, as steel. You attract all about you by your sterling qualities of mind and heart. Take care lest your popularity be your ruin! I see the word 'April' and the figure '8' above your head. That means things are going to change for you about that time. It looks black all about you for your business now, but it will begin to lift on April 8. You will travel about that time. Let me tell you, young man, that you'll never serve yourself by staying in a shut-in position. Such talents as yours need to meet people. You'll do best where you can use the powers you were born with. You're mediumistic, and you attract; you know not why."

"The one you're now attracted to in love will prove false. You are not really in love with her. You only think you are. I get the date 1911, and it comes to me that then you'll meet somewhere in the South a tall, dark woman with a slender figure. When you find her, cleave to her—she is your affinity. Yet you'll be married twice; the other is far in the future. When you have met her, go to some first-class medium again, because I see that wonderful things are in store for you."

Professor Francis gave a convulsive jerk, and woke to mundane things.

"That's all!" he said, rising. And he held aside for my passage the bead *portières* (two hundred and fifty green stamps).

IV.—The Bowery

THE window was decorated with prints of famous palms, cut from a Sunday supplement; with a chart of the zodiac; with mottoes such as "Know Thyself," "Your Future Is in Your Hand," "The Stars Can Tell," and "The Hand, Index of the Mind." The black-muslin curtain that blinded the door was inscribed "Zitella, Card Reader. Reading, Ten Cents."

Zitella, slender, dark-eyed, and fading into thirty-five, proceeded at once to business. She lifted up her voice in the hard, metallic tones of a barker, and let this run out:

"Cut the cards, sir, and wish. I get a condition of disturbance, sir. The world looks dark to you now. But there's a medium-complexioned woman that's going to change it all for you, sir.—Nellie, shut that door! No, I said milk! One pint!—In a singular way your business is twisted with your love affairs, sir. This lady will bring you not only her affections, but reliefs from business worries. But there's a dark woman that's pursuing both of you, because she hates the medium-complexioned woman. She has designs on your money. You're in peril there, because you are generous to a fault. Three months from now all will be dark. Shuffle and cut three times again, sir.—Sa-ay! I said milk! Ain't something boining? Well, I smelt it!—But that six tells the tale. Your card and the medium-complexioned lady's comes out together, beside a six, sir; numbers means months in that suit and coming out together means a marriage. You'll marry in six months, sir. Cut again. You'll have two children. That's all. Ten cents! Oh, that's just for a plain reading!—not full life. Gentlemen always takes full life, which is a dollar. Aw, you ain't no tight wad! Say, Blondie, your spectacles make you look awful distinguished!"

But I had dropped the dollar and fled.

V.—Sheriff Street

"IT'S a great story!" said Louis Zeltner, tipster. "The Court of Love on the East Side. Choost you mention my name to Professor Hochman, and it costs you [Concluded on page 477]"

W. C. MORROW'S ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH SEAS LENTALA

Illustrated by CHARLES SARKA

Chapter XXII. Wit and Dash to the Fore

IT WAS some time before

Lentala could lift her

face to her subjects. The

king's renunciation—

the finishing touch to

the bold diplomacy

with which he had

turned the crisis—

had come to her

as a bolt from

heaven. I wonder

how it would affect her

deeply laid plans for

the rescue of

the colony; for,

though it would

give her extraordi-

nary power, it

would abruptly

check her irres-

ponsible freedom

of movement.

Furthermore, it

had thrust upon

her the necessity

for swift rear-

range. Her hold

on neither the

people nor the

army had been

firmer secured. I

knew that her

quick under-

standing appre-

hended the new

complications,

and that she

understood the

king's wisdom

fitted to the hour's

need. She gave me

a frightened look,

and brightened

under my smile.

At last she stepped forward and addressed her people,

her voice growing stronger and richer as she proceeded.

She thanked them simply for their love and confidence

and urged them to have patience, and trust to the crown

to bring them safely out of the crisis. Urging them to

go to their own homes she dismissed them with the

words:

"Go now, with my love and my blessing."

Another wave of affectionate loyalty swept over the

multitude; it began to disintegrate, and to pacify and

turn back belated incomers; but a shrill cry rose:

"Sacrifice! Give us a sacrifice!"

It had an instant effect. The moving crowd halted,

and the cry ran to many throats, "Sacrifice! Sacrifice!"

The queen turned to old Rangan, and he almost

imperfectly nodded. Lentala hesitated as she faced

the mob again, but refrained from looking at me. She

raised her hand.

"Be patient!" she cried.

"Sacrifice! Sacrifice!"

"You shall have—"

The rest was drowned in a threatening shout. Len-

tala stood dazed, and in the ensuing buzzing and move-

ment lost any opportunity she might have desired for

further speech. So she stood, as the still noisy crowd

straggled off. Unrest had been rekindled, but to what

extent I could not guess. The last loiterers often

stopped to gaze at the little group on the wall, and

the army stood in soldierly ranks before the gate.

"The army will salute the queen," commanded

Lentala.

It was finally given with the sword, and the men

heartily responded to the oath that she gave them as

soldiers of the queen. With a gesture to us that we

follow, she tripped down the ladder, opened the gate,

and admitted the army to the grounds. Next, after

sending to liberate the soldiers in the dungeon, she

had the palace astir with an order to prepare for the

army a feast and accommodations for the night.

She ordered the army to break ranks. The men

showed their relief with childish inconsequence, and

scattered at will. That left us alone. The bright

look that she turned to me was a sudden change from

royal sternness to Beela's challenge. She was my little

work-mate of the valley.

"Choseph!"

I started, but could not bring a smile into the look

that I gave her, even though the call had been Beela's.

"Don't you want to hear what has happened to me?" she asked, ignoring my stolidity.

"Yes, your Majesty."

She stiffened slightly

under that address, and

subtly put Beela aside

for the queen. With

a hint of coldness she

said:

"At the begin-

ning of the out-

break I foresaw

that Mr. Vancou-

ver's guard would

decamp; so I went

to look after him;

but he had already

gone after being

left alone. I fol-

lowed him. That

brought me to the

crowd. When I

found myself in

danger there, I

called Christo-

pher. His daring

leap from the wall

and the fury with

which he laid

about him con-

fused the crowd.

He was helped by

some loyal sub-

jects whom his

conduct inspired.

I don't know how

many skulls he

cracked, but no

one was killed. I

pointed out the

men for him to

silence. No one

could resist him.

When he called

for the king to ascend, he took Mr. Vancouver in charge and slipped away."

I nodded, but she must have seen my gratitude for her taking such risks on Mr. Vancouver's account. Doubtless that was what made her eyes flash, but at the moment I did not know why. I reflected only that two matters of overshadowing importance must be attended to at once, and that possibly her plans had been disarranged.

"What has become of Christopher and Mr. Vancouver, your Majesty?" I asked.

"I told Christopher to take Mr. Vancouver to the hut, where Mr. Rawley was waiting," she answered, "and then go to meet the colony."

"Thank you. What is to be done with the colony, and what am I to do?"

She raised her eyes, and there was no trace of Beela in them. "I had asked Captain Mason," she answered, "to have each member of the colony bring all the food possible, and had told him that you and Christopher would meet him in the first darkness following the earthquake, at a certain pass just to the west of the clearing where the sacrificial altar is, and that as the natives would be demoralized by the earthquake, you could lead them without much risk past the settlement to your vessel, which might be sailed away at once."

My wonder and gratitude at the intelligence of her plan must have shown in my face, but her tone had no warmth when she added:

"Fortunately, matters have turned out so that I can take the army out of your way. The real danger lay there."

That was why she had admitted the soldiers to the palace grounds and locked the gate. Could any other have given so brilliant a turn to a threatening situation? Yet I only looked at her in silence, and her face had not a trace of the old friendliness.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I will go now and see that all is well with Mr. Vancouver; then I will go and assure a clear opening for the colony, and arrange for Mr. Vancouver and Rawley to join us as we move down the eastern side of the settlement to the harbor."

"Yes," she agreed. I was turning away, but she stopped me. "You will reflect," she said, "that many people in the island are ignorant of what has taken place here to-day. I will send out runners, but still the entire island can't be covered. All know that a white



"The fire was hot in my face as I reached Rawley and nipped his thongs"

man has been held for sacrifice to the Black Face in order to stop the earthquakes and avert an eruption. If the earthquake returns, even the people who saw me crowned may become uncontrollable. Should that happen, I am not sufficiently sure of the army to trust it in stopping a sacrifice. There is just one thing to do."

She ceased, and regarded me waitingly.

"What is it, your Majesty?"

She hardened still more. "Let's consider the situation calmly. If some very strong diversion should arise to-night, the colony could pass through to the vessel without risk. On the other hand, the people are alarmed and restless; they won't sleep soundly; many may be abroad in every direction. If some of them should see the colony escaping, a cry might be raised that would ring from one end of the island to the other. That would mean the instant gathering of a mob which no power could resist, and the colony would be annihilated."

"I see, your Majesty. What diversion would prevent it?"

"The sacrifice of Mr. Vancouver and Rawley." She spoke in a cold, business-like tone.

My horror must have been evident. "Your Majesty," I said with warmth, "before that shall be submitted to, every member of our colony will die fighting."

Her manner was entirely that of a queen to her subject. "I think you understand to some extent," she said, "what I have done to spare the lives of your people and help them leave the island. I will add that some trusted natives will try to make your passage to the ship safe. But it is one thing to make plans and another to carry them out in the face of a panic. There is no foreseeing what may happen before morning. My scouts will keep me informed every few minutes."

There came an awkward pause. Her head was down; she stood in a waiting attitude. It seemed to me that all the world I loved had suddenly been swept away. Behind the woman confronting me I knew that my dear Beela stood sweet and laughing, all sunshine and dear womanliness. Only a fool would let her go.

"Beela!" I said.

Heavy-hearted, but determined to see Lentala before the colony sailed,—if it should ever have that good fortune,—I went about my duty.

The first task was to see that Mr. Vancouver was safe, for many contingencies might arise to overwhelm Christopher. I went to the hut where Beela had left Rawley, but it was vacant. Christopher must have taken the two men to a spot near the pass, to meet the outgoing colony. On going to the summit of the valley wall I faced the rising moon. When I had come within a few hundred yards of the spot where the colony would emerge,—it was the spot where Rawley had assaulted me,—I heard the low moaning of a man, followed by his querulous, childish talk. At first I marveled that Christopher should have left his charges in so exposed a place, as it was immediately near the main trail to the sacrificial stone.

"Will she come soon?" Mr. Vancouver plaintively asked.

"Very soon. Be patient," kindly answered Rawley.

A rumbling and a quivering of the earth hurried me on. I ran to the edge of the valley wall. This brought me nearly opposite the Black Face. I had noticed a faint, weird light on the trees; now I saw the origin of it,—a purple flame was issuing from an orifice below the Face. It waved upward like an inverted streamer, wreathing the Face and lending to it a ghastly life-likeness.

From below me rose faint cries of terror, quickly stilled, and soon the vanguard of the colony arrived from the valley. The earth-trembling had ceased; the flame was subsiding.

There was some trouble at first in making myself known. Annabel came up with Captain Mason and Christopher, and delayed my disclosure of the plan for escape.

"Where is my father?" she immediately asked.

I directed Christopher to fetch a stretcher that we might bring him to her; but Mr. Vancouver and Rawley were gone! A hasty search in the vicinity failed to discover them. We worked down to the trail leading to the clearing where the sacrifices were made. There we found a stream of silent, soft-footed natives

hurrying toward the clearing. No speech was needed between Christopher and me to explain the situation. Christopher's wise plan had gone tragically awry. It had not been difficult for the dog-nosed natives to trail Christopher to the hut, and then Rawley and Mr. Vancouver to the spot where I had found them.

Christopher soon turned to me.

"They'll have to get wood, sir," he said.

"Yes, that will take time, but there are many men."

"Christopher," I said, "go and tell the queen." I said nothing of the desperate plan that I had formed.

Christopher looked at me strangely. "Yes, sir," he replied. "And you can save 'em."

He gave me a look of dog-like love, and vanished.

I returned to Captain Mason, avoiding Annabel, and rapidly placed the entire situation before him. His jaws set hard in the moonlight. I could imagine his thoughts, which no doubt agreed with Lentala's; and I realized the terrible risk to the colony when the fanatics should find themselves balked in the sacrifice and should swarm in a search which the colony could not escape—unless my plan should prove successful to the last detail or the queen should bring up the army in time to prevent a battle. And there was mighty Christopher, the man of courage, resourcefulness, and prompt action. I hurled these arguments at Captain Mason, and pointed out Annabel, standing alone and suffering as she awaited her father.

"You and Hobart and I will make the dash," I urged. "It is the only chance, and we must hurry. Dr. Preston can be taken

into the secret, and can quietly prepare the men to fight if necessary. They are all armed; the savages are not."

He responded by calling Dr. Preston and charging him as I had suggested, particularly warning him not to alarm the colony. Then he went to Annabel and gave her some quieting explanation. I borrowed a capable knife from a sailor, and we set out.

We bore down to the trail, and found it still swarming with a scurrying horde, all proceeding with a stealthy swiftness. Then I struck out on a straight course through the tangled forest, leading Captain Mason and Hobart a breathless pace. On arriving at the edge of the clearing and concealing ourselves, we found hundreds of savages already assembled and more pouring in.

"There they are," I said, pointing to a considerable open space between the sacrificial stone and a packed mass of men formed in a semicircle, those in front sitting. Midway between the stone and the natives were the two doomed men, dim in the moonlight. The one lying on the ground was doubtless Mr. Vancouver, perhaps unconscious. Rawley, though his hands were tied behind him, sat erect, calmly facing his tormentors.

As Captain Mason and Hobart had no disguise, I alone must bring the two men out.

My companions would take them to the colony; I would remain to face the issue and divert the pursuit. Captain Mason looked very grave, but Hobart was all eagerness; I could guess that his sore spirit yearned to heal itself by sharing my risk. A longing for Christopher,—for his farseeing eye, his steady nerve, his quick, ready hand,—came over me.

Of course the theft of the wood had been discovered. The hut sheltering it had disappeared; its poles and dryer thatch were already piled on the altar. The sacrifice was only delayed, for two score natives were coming in with dry wood for which they had foraged. In that pursuit one came near us, and I made ready, but in his eagerness he passed on, unseeing. The priest at the altar received the wood, examined it, cast out the useless, and carefully stacked the pyre, which steadily grew.

Finally the priest's work was done, he raised his hand and summoned his men about him. Amid solemn chants the fire was kindled.

As the priest stepped back to see the blaze rise, I bounded into the open.

I remember that the fire was hot in my face as I reached Rawley and nipped his thongs, and that the astonishment on the priest's face was comical. Also, I was conscious of a numbness in my right hand. I had used my fist perhaps more vigorously than necessary.

Two or three natives were prone when I shouldered Mr. Vancouver and called to Rawley, and the darkness of the forest soon concealed us.

A roar delayed by astonishment rose behind us; a thousand devils had opened throat and were leaping to the pursuit.

Chapter XXIII.

AFTER a hard run, I laid Mr. Vancouver across Hobart's shoulder. There was no need to urge all speed to the colony. I turned back to meet the pursuers, and ran swiftly until I encountered the foremost. Before they had seen me I dropped to the ground and was diligently examining it when they came up and halted, others running behind.

My ruse was entirely successful, and I sent them off eagerly on the wrong trail.

On arriving at the road to the clearing I found a commotion, and learned that the army was rapidly approaching. The people did not know how to take that news,—whether it meant a forwarding or a breaking up of the sacrifice.

There came a scrambling of stragglers to escape the army, which advanced on the trot, Christopher running in front. He saw me, wheeled, and raised his hand. I knew that his glance at my face had told him the whole story. My heart swelled to see Lentala, borne aloft in an uncanopied crimson velvet palanquin emblazoned with the royal insignia. Her dress was the one she had worn at the feast, with the addition of the crown. In her hand she carried a naked sword, fine and lean.

"Make way for the queen!" at intervals shouted a man running ahead of the queen and behind Christopher.

On seeing Christopher's signal she raised her sword, and the palanquin halted. She was anxiously watching the glow from the altar fire, but her glance discovered me, and a surprised joy sprang to her face.

"Am I too late?" she called in English.

"No, your Majesty. All is well."

"Choseph!" she chokingly cried, throwing her sword away and seizing both my hands.

It was a public scandal. The soldiers stared.

I gave her a warning look, and said, "Your Majesty!"

She drew away with freezing dignity. A soldier picked up her sword, wiped it as he would a baby's face, knelt, and handed it to her. She slammed it angrily into its scabbard, gave me a crushing glance, and opened her lips to speak, but I drove the words back by suddenly dropping in an obeisance. I would have given a good deal to see her face in the long pause before she bade me rise. My face was grave as I met her angry, suspicious gaze. She demanded that I tell her what had happened. I did so, and she beamed, forgetting Annabel.

"I'll take the army to the clearing," she said; "put a stop to the nonsense, and send the people home."

No sign of obedience appearing in the crowd, she gave me a glance that sought guidance. I knew that the moment was critical and the risk great, but it seemed the only recourse. I glanced at the army. She understood, hesitated a moment, and ordered the soldiers to clear the place. A slight movement and a buzz ran through the ranks, but there was no forward movement. Then rang a cry, instantly taken up till it became a roar:

"Sacrifice! Sacrifice!"

Lentala sprang to the ground, waved the palanquin-bearers away, and with a free sword confronted the soldiers, her head high, her eyes flashing. I knew she realized that there was but one way out of the desperate dilemma, and that she was casting about to find it without a confession of failure.

I sprang forward and prostrated myself before her.

"Rise," she said, extending her sword over me.

When I had come to my feet she gave me her sword, and said, her voice ringing clear and far:

"I must go among my people and quiet them. You were King Rangan's friend; you are the man who threw Gato from the wall,—Gato, who had been unfaithful to his sovereign. I give you command of my army while I go among my people."

I took her sword and promptly faced the bewildered ranks as Lentala drifted away; but not until I had seen that Christopher was observing; he would understand that I had turned her over to his protection.

I had learned something about the crude formation and tactics of this barbarian army. This knowledge, combined with a judicious beating of several of the commanding officers, soon brought the army to obedience. Keeping them absorbed in maneuvers, I kept an anxious eye upon the mob and the queen.

Of a sudden there was a commotion about Lentala. Before I could turn over the command to the officer next in rank and go to Lentala's rescue, Christopher, bearing her on his shoulder, broke through the mob, skirted my left flank on the run, and bounded toward the altar, the flames of which had sunk almost to a mass of glowing coals, exceedingly hot. Without attempting to comprehend his movement, but seeing that he had brought the queen behind the army for some purpose, I instantly opened the order of my men, commanded swords drawn, and cried:

"The queen's army to her defense!"

[To be concluded in August Success Magazine]



Mrs. Curtis's Corner

The Editor of Our Home Departments Gives Her Views on Some Subjects That Are Not Altogether Homely

AN ENGLISHWOMAN, who had spent a year in this country, was discussing the difference between her countrymen and Americans one day. She is a woman of large experience, wide reading and travel, and quick intelligence. When she drifted from English politics to

American manners, she touched on a subject in which I agreed with her entirely. "In England," she said, "even our dearest friends do not dream of intruding on the

privacy of a home as the women here do. Soon after I had commenced housekeeping, my neighbors began to call. I liked some of them exceedingly well, until they forgot themselves. Instead of going to the front door and ringing the bell, they became back-door neighbors, who neither rang nor knocked. They walked in on us at the most inopportune moments. If I was upstairs dressing, they simply 'helloed' and went to my chamber. When they began to intrude at meal hours, and to linger about the dining-room for a friendly chat, while we were eating, I drew the line. One night, a woman walked in while we had company, and made herself one of us. Then I made up my mind, I would not endure such neighborliness another day. My husband took me to task, because I had a straightforward talk with her. He said it was the friendliness and democracy of America. I could not see it that way at all. My neighbor was mightily offended; she could not understand why I objected to such visits. She said she ran in and out of a dozen homes that way, but I don't think she will ever again run in and out of mine. We move into our new house next week, and I hear the neighborhood is already prepared to ostracize us because we have built a wall about our yard. They call us English snobs. I can't help it. I never intrude on the home life of my friends and I draw the line at their intruding on me. When it happens, it is the death of friendship."

I KNOW exactly how the woman felt. I do not think the neighbor who "runs in" has the slightest idea of how she offends a certain feeling of privacy which she herself does not possess. It is largely a habit cultivated during childhood. In thousands of American homes—

Don't Become Intrusive

good homes—children are allowed to rush in and out of a neighbor's house as if it were common property. The neighbor may not mind it—then again she may. Perhaps she is a sensitive woman who hates to discuss an unpleasant subject, so she endures the intrusion of children and parents rather than raise an objection. A neighbor of this sort once drifted into my own life and I stood the everyday, all-day interruptions as well as intrusions on our meals, until my patience was actually worn out. One day there came a chance to read them a lecture in a roundabout way. I went searching for my little girl, who had disappeared from the yard. She answered my call from our neighbor's dining-room window. "Come in," they called. I declined and told the child to come home, our neighbors stood behind her. "Dear," I said, "I have always taught you that the rudest thing any one can do is to go into a dining-room while people are at a meal. I remember doing it once, when I was a little girl, and I have not forgotten yet the whipping that followed. You must never forget good manners in this way again." These people never entered our dining-room again except when they were invited.

PROVERBIAL, it is difficult for an old dog to learn new tricks. Good or bad manners are largely the result of training in childhood. The old joke about famous men who eat with their knives, has more than an atom of truth in it. Habits learned in childhood stick to one no matter what the environment of later years. I have often noticed this in the simple matter of one's saying "thank you." I think now of one

Good Training in Childhood

woman who repeats it many times a day, to her children, to her servants, to the elevator boy, to the clerks in a store or the conductor who helps her off or on a car. It is not an effusive "thank you" and it is not wholly a matter of form, either, for with it always goes a pleasant smile, which makes easier for every one the rough path of servitude. I asked her one day if she ever found herself forgetting to say "thank you." "Very seldom," was her answer; "and simply because, when I was learning to talk, 'please' and 'thank you' belonged to the everyday language. If I ever forgot them in childhood when the slightest service was asked me or rendered me by any one, there came a gentle reminder from my mother."



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W. A. SHRYER, Pres.

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PLEASANTRY



A Time-Saving Device

EVERY employee of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason therefor. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath.—W. C. G.

A Philosophical Fowl

AN ARISTOCRAT tooster of Custer, With feathers of luminous luster, Remarked, "It is just, Man returns to his dust, While I evolve to a duster."—W. A. THURSTON.

Our National Products

Ink

INK is a substance used to conceal thought. In color it is often brilliant; in effect, dull. Without it we would grow too intelligent; it is therefore applied freely to

every vital spot. It is extensively used to spread rumors, convey scandals to distant points, and to stain careers. A little of it therefore goes a long way.

Ink comes in all shapes and sizes. It may be thick or thin, but, though it is sticky, it never sticks to any one long. Without it there would be no best sellers. It has hurt real literature more than any other product. It has been said that Truth lies at the bottom of a well—but this was not an ink-well.

There is no cure for ink. It has been locked up in dark closets. It has been sent to jail. It has been confined to hard labor in the works of professional humorists and penned in countless ways. It has served many a Henry James sentence, and slept in a congressional speech. But in new shapes it always reappears. It can not be blotted out. It makes its royal way, with unnumbered pages to wait on it, down the column rules of time; and though cast aside and forgotten, it always has plenty of margin to spare.

Peaches

PEACHES are raised and nurtured in all parts of the country, but it is generally agreed that the most tempting kind come from the blue grass region of Kentucky.

California peaches are used largely by Easterners. They are soft and tender to the touch, rather large and flowery and are very sweet.

The New England peach is often hard and sour. Some varieties, however, have a splendid flavor. The best preserved peaches come from New England.

The New York peach is always of the clingstone variety. It is almost impossible to separate the peach from the stone.

Our annual crop of peaches, while very expensive to raise (and constantly growing more so) gives employment to thousands of men, who labor night and day to keep the peaches up to the standard.

The points of a peach are not understood by all. Those who are interested in their culture should carefully observe the following rules.

Peaches should be handled with gloves.

They should never be picked when green, but only when they begin to look good enough to eat.

Every peach should be well wrapped. Great care, however, should be taken not to squeeze too hard. The pressure should be uniform.

Change the variety from time to time, and you will be surprised at the results. Almost any one variety of peach gets tiresome if indulged in too long.

Peaches should be kept away from a glaring light. When testing them turn down the gas.

CHESTERTON TODD.

The Tender Thought

HARRY is six years old. "Pa," he asked one day, "if I get married will I have a wife like Ma?"

"Very likely," replied his father.

"And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old bachelor like Uncle Tom?"

"Very likely."

"Well, Pa," he said, after a moment of deep thought, "it's a mighty tough world for us men, ain't it?"

GERTRUDE E. DAVIS.

Many a man is a bull in Wall Street and a bear at home.

settlement, came upon a house around which several children were playing. Seeing that the family was destitute, he called the oldest negro boy and gave him a dollar, telling him to spend it for a Christmas turkey. As soon as the generous man had gone, the negro woman called her boy to her and said, "Thomas, yo' gimme dat dollah and go git dat turkey in the natchal way."—WARD A. CHAPMAN.

The Dog

THE Dog is Man's most faithful friend. A man may lie, but a dog won't; a man may get drunk, a man may slander his neighbor, a man may embezzle and defraud, a man may borrow money, a man may steal money, a man may go into politics, a man may join the church, a man may get married, a man may knife his best friend, a man may run people down with an automobile, a man may gamble himself to ruin, a man may waste his substance in riotous living, a man may go to heaven—but a dog won't. Can these things be truthfully spoken of the other friends Man has about him? There is a strong affinity between Man and the Dog; it must be the affinity of contrast. Yet any man will resent being called a dog. Possibly the dog would resent being called a man if he understood—I do not know. I only know that the maxim works but one way; and if we should say, "Man is the Dog's most faithful friend," there would be many to cavil, saying that it was mighty rough on the dog.—W. J. LAMPTON.



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CANNING FRUIT

EDWARD

I HAVE had many letters from women who dwell in the country, where the fruit crop is frequently abundant. The invariable question is how to dispose of it. If one lives too far from a town or city to market fruit when fresh, then preserve it in all sorts of ways. If you can contrive to bring your goods to the notice of the right sort of customers, you will have no trouble in disposing of it at good prices—if it is of tip-top quality. Hundreds of women throughout the country are earning excellent incomes by work of this sort, because the fruit costs them practically nothing. Then it can be preserved when freshly picked, which means, if the work is properly done, preserves of the finest quality. There are various ways to dispose of jams, jellies, and canned fruits. Many first-class grocer-

ies in every city accept a line of such commodities, because they have fastidious customers who demand them. Frequently, when fruit is very attractive, they will give it a good window display, and liberal advertising. Of course, they charge a commission, but they set such high prices on the goods that, after freight, commission, and other expenses have been deducted, there still remains a profit. I have seen preserved peaches sold in the best store in Washington for \$1.50 a quart. Of course, they were superfine; the sirup was clear amber, and in the hollow of each neatly cut peach was the almond from its kernel. Each can in the slightly window display had an attractive label, which bore its maker's name and the magic words, "home made."

Even at such extravagant prices as these, the home cannery had more orders than it could fill.

ONLY, remember: a first-class grocery accepts nothing but the finest possible line of goods; it can supply its customers with the choicest fruit from professional canneries, and a home product has to be very good indeed to become a rival. It requires not only the best fruit preserved in the most careful fashion, but also the best cans, new rubbers to prevent all danger of fermentation and leakage, and a neat, artistically printed label to give every jar and tumbler that individuality which helps to create a demand. To secure such a trade, write to some first-class grocery in your nearest city, tell what you have to offer, and send samples of your goods. If the answer is favorable, pack your goods securely and forward them in a perfectly business-like way.

The lax, careless manner in which so many women carry out orders often prejudices a tradesman against feminine products of all kinds. When packing, a strong box or barrel is a necessity. Line the sides and bottom with pads made by spreading hay or excelsior between newspapers. Wrap each jar or tumbler in several thicknesses of paper, and set them together as tightly as possible, filling all the crevices with paper wads. When a second layer of fruit goes in, cover with a sheet of heavy pasteboard and an excelsior pad; then finish the packing as directed. Fasten the lid securely and mark it, "Glass. This side up." Enclose in the box a list of the articles sent, with the price list, and your name and address

"Discard every spotted peach"



POUCHER

at the top of the sheet. Mail a duplicate list to the firm at the same time. There is the question of fixing a price on your goods. A grocer may offer to buy everything outright, if it is particularly fine, or sell on a commission—probably twenty per cent. Calculate as nearly as possible the cost of your preserves; set a market price on the fresh fruit; add the cost of fuel, sugar, jars, rubbers, barrels, packing material, transportation, and commission; also any outlay for cooking utensils; then decide on a fair price for your labor.

Besides disposing of fruit to a grocery, there is still a more profitable market in private orders.

A woman I know, who lives on a fine fruit farm twenty miles from a New England city, created a trade for her splendid preserves in a most business-like way. Each November, a large fair is given in the city, for charitable purposes. The manager rented her a small booth on a percentage

basis. A local paper published a list of the women interested in the fair. It included every wealthy prominent woman in town. She obtained, by the aid of a city directory, their addresses, and wrote, asking them, during the fair, to sample her goods. They came, and sampling meant, in nearly every case, either a sale or an order for a supply of fruit the following summer. That beginning was made five or six years ago. Now she has a large and constantly increasing trade which demands, each summer, a force of help, and she utilizes most profitably all the fruit her husband can raise.

OCCASIONALLY a market for fruit may be secured by orders from a woman's exchange, a hotel, boarding-house, seminary, or college, or some of the numerous country clubs which cater to a wealthy and fastidious public. I have emphasized the fact that success in marketing canned products means they must be first class. The manager of a woman's exchange tells me she could have a very large trade for canned fruit at excellent prices if consignors would only realize that they have to compete with large canning factories, where the utmost cleanliness prevails, where the best sugar and perfect fruit is used for the best brands of preserves, and where every can of fruit is as good as the next one. Her complaint is that home products are uneven in quality, from lack of skilled, careful labor on the part of assistants, and because work is frequently rushed during the hot, hurried season. One can of fruit may be perfect in shape, cooked to just the degree of perfection, delicious as to sirup, and hermetically sealed. The next can—from the same kitchen—may be fruit which has been carelessly peeled and cut, cooked perhaps until it is mushy; it is too sweet or too sour, or what is more exasperating still for the party who is trying to dispose of it, the contents begin to work and leak. This never happens with fruit from a cannery, and, as the exchange manager said, "a consignor must simply go the cannery one better if she wants to sell preserves."



"Nothing but the finest goods"

ONE DAY, I happened in on a neighbor who was canning fruit. Preserving is a passion with her; still, season after season, "luck goes back" on her, as she phrases it, and half her winter's supply is ruined by mold or fermentation. It was not hard to understand why, when I saw how she worked. The morning was scorching hot—and a big coal fire made the kitchen as



"The sampling meant a sale or an order"

torrid as a stoker's hole. Under the table stood half a dozen bushel baskets of splendid peaches, but so ripe that twenty-four hours would see them beginning to decay. The housewife had three helpers, they were washing fruit-cans, making sugar sirup, or peeling peaches. On the stove stood a huge kettle in which peaches simmered. The woman, who stood stirring preserves, looked as if life were hardly worth living; still she was in her element.

I went home wondering no longer why some fruit would not keep. In the race against time peaches were skinned by scalding in hot water. Sometimes the delicious fruit had turned black before this process was over, the girls who helped were frequently too busy to weigh sugar or measure water in the quantities demanded for a sirup, and the sterilizing which was given to dozens of glass cans brought from a winter's sojourn in a dusty, damp cellar was often a mere apology. When new rubbers gave out, old ones, dirty and torn, were occasionally clapped on the mouth of a can. Then ten to one the lid that followed was crusted with ancient fermentation or dust—still this was the housewife who plumed herself on a fruit closet with its hundreds of cans and rows of jelly tumblers! For a few weeks after the canning season it was a delectable place to peep into, but later, when bacteria had begun its destructive work, it was different. Still I could not have told this housewife she was woefully extravagant. Every failure was laid by her to bad luck, poor fruit, adulterated sugar, or "the weather."

* * *

THE cook, who puts up fruit which is still in delicious perfection when several years old, is not the sort of a woman who makes a canning factory of her kitchen: If you would have the "luck" she does, follow a few rules that will invariably assure you of luscious fruit, which does not need watching for fermentation. Never buy fruit for preserving which is extraordinarily cheap, or poor because it is the end of the season. No matter how carefully it is canned or with what perfection of cleanliness, it will be a disappointment, even if it does not ferment. It is better to have fewer cans and buy fruit of the finest quality at the very height of the season. Discard every soft berry or spotted peach. Purchase the best sugar in the market for preserving. You can prove its purity by first getting a small quantity and boiling half a pound with a cup of water. Should a purple or gray scum collect on top, do not use it. If the grocer values your trade and you show him the test of his goods, he will produce a first-class sugar which boils to a clear sirup, unspoiled by scum. If possible choose a cool day for canning, and cook the fruit or sirup over a gas-stove. It is a hot enough job even then. Dress coolly and let a breeze blow through the kitchen. It is impossible for a parboiled cook to give the same careful consideration to her work as she would if she were comfortable. Don't try preserving without the proper utensils. For these I would list an eight or ten quart preserving kettle, a silver paring knife, a long-handled wooden stirring spoon, a fruit-can funnel, a graniteware skimmer and ladle, a glass measuring-cup, and a pair of scales. The best kind of cans are the lightning variety. Another article you will find useful at preserving time is a long thin board on which both the preserving kettle and fruit can stand. An ideal board for weight and length is one that silkoline comes wrapped on. You can get it at any dry goods store for the asking.

[Continued in August Success Magazine]

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT



Fun Is a Necessity

Most people have the impression that fun and humor are life incidents, not necessities; that they are luxuries and have no great bearing upon one's career.

Many think of fun as frivolous, indicating a lack of serious purpose in life. There are parents who rebuke their children because they want to have fun and go in for a good time. These parents have yet to learn the great part which fun and humor play in the physical economy, and their influence on the life.

What a complete revolution in your whole physical and mental being comes after seeing a really funny play! You went to the play tired, jaded, worn out, discouraged. All your mental faculties were clogged with brain ash; you could not think clearly. When you came home you were a new being.

A business man, on returning home after a perplexing, exhausting, exasperating day's work, experiences the same thing. Romping and playing with the children, spending a jolly evening with his family or friends, telling stories and cracking jokes, rest his jaded nerves and restore him to his normal condition.

I have been as much refreshed by a good, hearty laugh, by listening to good, wholesome fun—stories, jokes—or by spending an evening with friends and having a good time, as by a long, sound night's sleep; and I look back upon such experiences as little vacations.

Anything that will make a man new, that will clear the cobwebs of discouragement from his brain, and drive away fear, care, and worry, is of practical value. It is the shrewdest kind of business policy to do what will recreate, refreshen, and rejuvenate one for the next day's work.

We should not look upon fun and humor as transitory things, but as solid, lasting, permanent influences on the whole character.

Why should not having a good time form a part of our daily program? Why should this not enter into our great life-plan? Why should we be serious and gloomy because we have to work for a living? Why not do it with joy and gladness? Why not sing at our work, as the sailors do?

Laughter is a good health-builder. Give me an employee who loves to laugh, who enjoys a joke, who always sees the ludicrous side of things!

Laughter is a token of sanity. Abnormal people seldom laugh. It is as natural to want to laugh and have a good time as it is to breathe. There is something wrong about a person who seldom laughs.

I know a man who rarely smiles; who looks disgusted when he sees any one convulsed with laughter. He is cold-blooded and selfish; he lacks tenderness, sensitiveness, delicacy, and is very unpopular.

There is a moral influence in things which amuse and make us enjoy life. No one was ever spoiled by good humor; but tens of thousands have been made better by it. *Fun is a food as necessary as bread.*

Who can estimate the good men like Mark Twain have done the world, in helping to drive away care and sorrow, to lighten burdens, to take drudgery out of dreary occupations; to cheer the homeless and the lonely?

Any one who has brought relief to distressed souls, who has lifted the burden from saddened, sorrowing hearts, has done as much good as any one of those who have been civilization builders.

Does a Vacation Pay?

WHAT a difference there is in what two people bring home from a vacation! One comes back tired, disgusted, bored. He has spent his money and does not feel that he has much of anything in return. Another comes back all radiant with the riches which he has drunk in and absorbed during every moment of his vacation. He comes back rejuvenated, refreshed, inspired, a new creature, with a new grip upon life. The cobwebs, the brain ashes have been swept away from his jaded brain. He has been made over anew. Life means more than ever before. His dimmed ideals have been brightened and sharpened, his ambition renewed. Ask him if a vacation pays, and he will ask you, in turn, if it pays the grub to throw off its ugly shape and blossom out into a butterfly; if it pays a rosebud to open up its petals and fling out its fragrance and beauty to the world.

When you go into the country, make up your mind that you are going into God's great gallery of charm

and beauty to enjoy yourself and to see what you can get out of it. Resolve that you will come home laden with riches that no money can buy; that you are going to extract from the landscape—from the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the meadows—a wealth which does not inhere in the dollar.

Learn to drink in beauty and health at every pore. Try to realize that the flowers, the grass, the trees, the brooks, the hills—the charm and beauty everywhere—are God's smiles; that they are for him only who can appreciate them, who can respond to them, who can appropriate their message. They can not be bought; they belong only to him who can enjoy them.

Many of our business men are beginning to see that frequent vacations are the best investments they can make; that nothing else pays them so well as keeping in tune, keeping fit for work. As a rule, the men who rarely take vacations, who think they can not be spared a few days, a month, or a year, if necessary, from their offices, who think that everything would go to pieces if they should go on a long vacation or take a trip abroad, do not accomplish as much and do not keep in as good physical trim as those who combine play with their work, who work hard when they work and play hard when they play.

The men who are everlastingly grinding at their work, and who play very little, not only age much faster but also as a rule accomplish much less than those who take time for recreation, for rejuvenation.

The monotony and the strain of perpetual grinding tend to unbalance men. They become hidebound and rutty. Their mentality shrivels. They touch life at so few points that they become very narrow and uninteresting. All work and no play inevitably tends to make a man one-sided.

If You Have a Taste for Something Better

NO MATTER how menial the work you may be compelled to do at the moment, or how disagreeable your task, if you have a taste for something better and hold your mind steadily and persistently toward the thing you long for, this desire will lead you to the light, if you are faithful to the end and do not drop it.

No matter how small your beginning, if your work is honest, or how discouraging your prospects for advancement, if you have a taste for something higher and keep struggling toward the light you have, you will surely come out all right.

But what can you do with a youth who does not aspire, who will not look up, who persists in groveling? There is no future for him unless he turns about face. Darwin says that "in the evolution of the eagle the desire to ascend, to fly heavenward, preceded the appearance of the wings." Human wings, the ability to ascend, are the result of the aspiration, the desire to go higher.

There is something in looking up and trying to climb that enlarges and enriches the life, even if we do not attain the particular object of our ambition: just as a person who loves is made nobler, even though his love is not returned.

A person who is obliged to live in an unfortunate environment is often protected from the low aims or vicious ideals of those about him because of his taste for something better.

A great many good people, such as settlement workers and missionaries, go about among the lowest classes—even the criminal—without contamination, because of their high ideals, their noble aims, their efforts to benefit these unfortunate people.

There is no protection, no spur to ambition and progress, like a lofty aim, a noble purpose.

When the Pinch Comes

BOTH success and failure are character revealers.

Wealth brings out a man's weaknesses, because he can afford to indulge in all sorts of luxuries, fads, and fancies. Failure also brings out one's weaknesses. If a man is a coward, if he lacks stamina and grit, he will show it when adversity overtakes him.

What a man does after he fails is a good test of the man. It shows how much lime there is in his backbone. When everything goes smoothly, when there is no want in the home, and plenty of capital to run the business, it is not difficult to be courageous.

It is when the pinch comes, when one is driven to desperation, when he does not know which way to

turn, when failure stares him in the face after he has done his level best, that a man's character is revealed. This is the test that will bring out the real man—his power or his weakness.

One of the strongest proofs of character is the ability to remain cheerful, serene, and hopeful under fire. It is very easy to be pleasant, bright, optimistic, when one enjoys robust health and is prosperous; but it requires heroic qualities to be so when poor health mocks ambition; when we are conscious of having a great message for the world, but have not the strength or the chance to deliver it; when we have lost our property, or when we see a business which we have worked hard to build up slowly being strangled by the great trusts or the changing conditions.

There are plenty of people who can do pretty good work while they feel well; when they are prosperous and everything goes smoothly; but the moment things go wrong, when they have any trouble, they are completely nonplused. They can not overcome irritation, concentrate the mind effectively, or work with heart unless everything is favorable.

A really great character is greater than the ordinary aches and pains which cripple the weak.

Beaten Before He Began

Not long ago a young man came into my office to solicit a subscription for a publication. I could see at a glance, before he had fairly introduced his subject, that he was covered all over with defeat. His very attitude, his manner, said to me, "I have come in here to get your subscription for ———, but I do not expect to get it. I know you are a very busy man, and I do not wish to take your time or to impose upon you." This young man did not come in with the assurance in his manner that bespeaks victory. I could see that he was really beaten before he began.

Nobody likes the Uriah Heep kind of solicitor who spends half his time apologizing for taking your valuable time.

The important thing for the solicitor is to put the prospective customer into such a position that it will not be too easy for him to turn him down.

He should have great confidence in himself, and in the thing he has to sell. He must carry conviction in his manner. Hesitancy, doubt, indecision are fatal. Courage is as important to a solicitor as to an animal tamer, who has to guard very carefully against the slightest signs of fear. To hesitate in the cage of an untamed lion or tiger is to be lost. Even if unable to get an order, a solicitor should win a man's respect and admiration. He should, by a masterly bearing, meet customers on a plane of equality.

A friend of mine, a shrewd business man, says a solicitor came to his office recently whose face was so radiant with interest in his purpose, and so bubbling over with enthusiasm, that he won confidence and admiration at the very outset. My friend gave the young man an order for what he did not want, because he liked him.

The ability to size a man up at a glance is a great art, and the solicitor must learn its secret. He may not see his prospective customer more than five minutes, and within that time he must bring all his ingenuity, all his tact, his skill, and his former experience to a focus. He can not stop to do much thinking, and it does not matter how much ability he may have, if he can not concentrate it quickly and make it effective, he will not get the order.

The Sun-dial's Motto

If you want your life to run without friction, adopt the sun-dial's motto: "I record none but hours of sunshine."

What a great thing it would be if we could only learn that the art of wiping out of our memories forever everything that is unpleasant, everything which brings up bitter memories and unfortunate associations and depressing, discouraging suggestions, would double and quadruple our happiness and power! If we could only keep the mind filled with beautiful thoughts, thoughts which uplift and encourage, the efficiency of our lives would be multiplied many, many times.

No mind can do good work when clouded with unhappy thoughts. The mental sky must be clear or there can be no enthusiasm, no brightness, clearness, or efficiency in our mental work.

If you would do the maximum of which you are capable, keep the mind filled with sunshine, with beauty and truth, with cheerful, uplifting thoughts. Bury everything that makes you unhappy and discordant, everything that cramps your freedom, that worries you, before it buries you.

Man was not made to express discord, but harmony; to express beauty, truth, love, and happiness; wholeness, not haleness; completeness, not incompleteness.

The mental temple was not given us for the storing of low, base, mean things. It was intended for the abode of the gods, for the treasuring of high purposes, grand aims, noble aspirations.

It does not take very long to learn that the good excludes the bad; that the higher always shuts out the lower; that the greater motive, the grander affection excludes the lesser, the lower. The good is more than a match for the bad.

"Beanology."

THERE are a few people who are at least as careful about what they eat as about what they wear.

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Eggs have 12½ per cent.

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We like to preach them to people who think, and who have brains enough to realize what a difference such a diet might make in their lives if they made it a rule to eat Pork & Beans at least three times a week regularly.

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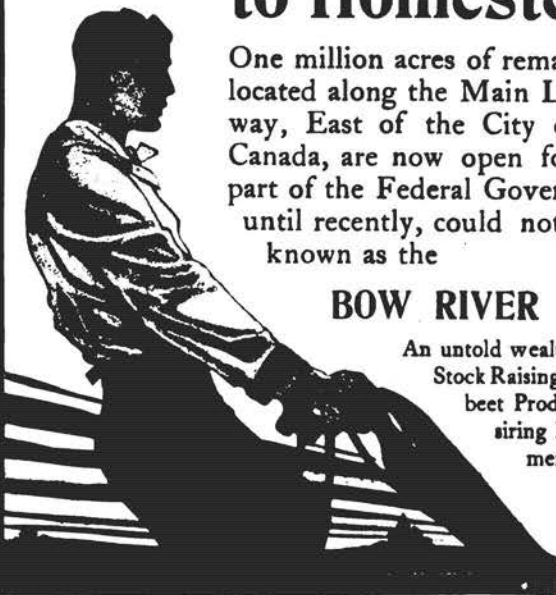
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Bill and the Magic Coral

By John Fleming Wilson
[Concluded from page 443]

was lost, but I inferred that I bore in my arms a notable personage.

The gate to Riva Lane lies between two traveler palms, and its entrance is not obscure than its course. I stumbled over porches, upset several chicken-coops, and had a dozen dogs at my heels before a door opened and a woman holding a candle stared out at me. "Has the steamer come in?" she asked tremulously.

The baby woke and stretched out her arms. A Japanese woman pushed by the woman in the door and took the baby. I halted her with a word as she thrust the first woman back and started to close the door. "Bill said to say he'd kill you," I said quietly. "And No. 56 told me he was going to skin you and use your pelt for a saddle. Good night."

The woman cringed abjectly, and I left. As I passed out between the traveler palms I observed that the perfume of violets was strong. I decided that the first woman with the candle used that essence.

A couple of days later I met Mounted Policeman No. 56. I stopped him and asked him, "Who is Miss Minnie, Charley?"

He swung his big hat off with an embarrassed gesture and his other brown hand plucked at the facings of his jacket. "It's Hawaiian," he muttered. "You wouldn't understand." He dropped into native for a moment and I caught what I took to be the words "Miss Minnie" pronounced in an odd way. I repeated them after him questioningly.

The policeman nodded. "Little what you call fairies," he said curtly. "They live in the holes in the reef. Come out nights and get offerings. They bring you what you pray for sometimes." He looked at me imploringly.

I nodded without a smile.

"The kid wants something from the Miss Minnies?" I said quietly.

The half-blood looked at me with inscrutable eyes. "She wants her papa," he said briefly. He swung his leg over the horn of the saddle and stared down at me.

"The baby's kahuna does no harm," he said meaningly.

The Territory of Hawaii has made and published laws in three tongues against the magics practiced against life and soul. The fear of the law is great, and informers prosper so that all of Hawaiian blood look askance on the too curious haole. Therefore the foolish fear written on Policeman No. 56's dark face. I scowled at him.

"I make no pilikia [trouble] for babies," I said shortly. "What have I to do with a child's kahuna? I only hope she may find her papa."

I took my cogitations to Bill that night after the paper was in the press. He frowned as I explained what I knew about the matter, and allowed a shovelful of coral to fall so awkwardly that it upset a car and resulted in tremendous language from the bank. He picked up his bucket with a jerk, brought the boom into midstream with a jolt that made every beam in the dredge creak, and then, as the milky water foamed over the shovel's descent, muttered something which I did not understand.

So I carried my question to Brennan, who was more communicative.

"The man quit the woman after the kid was born," he said. "The woman's pretty nearly white and she went poopooli when he sent a letter back from the Coast with five dollars in it and his good-bye. You can see her down at every steamer with a wreath for him when he comes back. She thinks he's coming back. That's the mischief of it. She's quite crazy, you see; she probably would n't know him. The baby hears her mother's talk and knows she's sick. So she's sticking bananas and bottles of perfume out on the reef for the fairies for a kahuna so they'll bring her papa back."

But Bill, when I returned to him a little later, only muttered, "Can't you let the kid alone?"

"Look here," I protested, "I'm not going to interfere with the child. Anyway, what about the Miss Minnies, as she calls 'em?"

"They live in the coral," he answered sulkily. "They come out nights. The kid thinks we're blowing up the fairies' homes here and that's why she's so busy trying to soothe them down. This is a rotten job, anyway. Why can't the old Government let the reef alone?"

Later Bill sought me out in my cottage, for the first time in months. "I just thought I'd come and say how do you do," he commented. "You know I thought you'd like to know about the kahuna."

"Has it worked?" I asked quickly.

He avoided the question. "You said the baby said 'Miss Minnie Mipps.' That's her little mix-up of names. The man's name was Mipps. She's got things tangled in her little head." He stopped, dawdled over a pipe for a quarter of an hour, and left as abruptly as he had come.

Two nights later Brennan telephoned me. "Better come down when the paper's out," he said. "We're going to set off a big shot, and you'll see some pretty work. Come before the moon sets."

I promised and in due time walked past Wilder's wharf and to the bank of the deep pool where the dredge lay waiting for the blasts. Brennan received me with open arms, in great jubilation over what he termed

a gilt-edged shot that would loosen enough coral to keep the dredge busy for a fortnight. Bill sulked on his perch and refused to rejoice in explosives.

As the preparations progressed and the moon settled we all grew quiet. The men working over the wires along the bank made little noise. Brennan splashed around with anxious intensity, and Bill gloomed in the dredge. At last all was in readiness, and the dredge was backed down to the limit of its moorings. Brennan disappeared into his little shed, and the dummy backed its long train of empties into the town. The trimmers scurried with their spades into the broken coral about the reef, and I obeyed Bill's gesture and crouched down behind the heel of the big boom.

As I rested my aching eyes from a prolonged stare down toward Brennan's shed for the first little flash that was to announce the closed switch, I looked over the white reef. It stretched out like the abandoned scene of some great upheaval. The moonlight threw vast shadows athwart its mystic field, and deep in that faint radiance I suddenly discerned a small, toddling figure in a white nightie. I rubbed my eyes. I saw it again, and my cry rose shrilly in my own ears as I thrust my arm out wildly toward it. Bill dropped from his seat among the levers. His eyes gleamed a moment as I pointed. Then he vanished outboard with a slight, almost imperceptible sound. I heard the crunch and rattle of the loose coral as he clambered up the bank, and then I saw him lunging along in the moonlight toward the child. He had almost reached her when the planks beneath his feet swung upward, the air filled with choking fumes, and a vast roar bellowed out of the depths. I saw, as if a huge, swift arm had been outstretched, invisible fingers pluck the childish figure out of the moonlight and draw her with incredible velocity to the turbid pool. I saw Bill pause and stagger as if he had been stopped by a wall; saw him whirl round and start back to the dredge. Then the fumes pressed me down and I threw myself on the tottering deck in a spasm of physical agony.

The bellow of the blast rolled away toward the hills and before its din departed I heard the clank of the machinery overhead and felt the dredge quiver as the huge boom thundered down. I raised myself up and saw Bill astride his engines, his hands on the levers, his white face shining under the electric light that glowed in the brown dusk. The clatter of the outgoing chain increased to a sullen roar, and then I heard the hiss of the wire cable as it rushed out after the swooping bucket. I crawled up a little and peered out.

The pool foamed furiously. Little spirals of smoke curled out of it, and whirling masses of milky water came to the surface, revolved with effervescence, and subsided. A glistening block of coral rolled, porpoise-like, and settled again. A missile falling back from some airy height hissed into the turmoil like a hot knife. Then I saw the huge shovel dip deeply into the tumult. The cable came taut with a twang, and the boom under me gave like a reed. I stared back at Bill. His lips were parted over his teeth. He was at bay. As I felt the boom which I clasped recover from the sudden strain of the descending bucket, and heard the cable come swiftly in over the whirling drums, I saw his lips close. His hand flung a lever over, and then he leaped past me and out upon the shaking boom.

The bucket swung in midair. Milky water poured from its rim. High in the middle rose a needle of rock. Between me and the shovel Bill leaped swiftly out along the big boom, his arms outstretched, his feet dancing to the give and take of the jumping beam. On shore I saw Brennan, mouth agape, hands uplifted in some useless signal. A trimmer, his spade held like a gun at his shoulder, pored over the scene. And at the end of the boom, one little arm clasping the big chain that held the bucket, I saw the baby. She had been dipped out of the ravenous pool.

Bill leaped the last ten feet and landed in the bucket. An instant later he was on his feet in its loose coral, trying, with the child in his arms, to regain the boom just above his head. But something behind me gave, and the chain slipped a couple of lengths. The bucket swung ten feet below the boom, now, and the pinnacle of coral that had been upright lay balanced on the iron edge, ready at a slight impulse to fall back into the water. There the chain held again.

Brennan's open mouth gave forth a yell. It was unanswered. He started to run toward the dredge, swinging his arms grotesquely. But Bill raised himself once more in the bucket and looked quietly down upon us. The pool was settling into stillness. Along its bank, gathered men watched silently the oscillating bucket and its human burden. Suddenly, from the interior of the dredge came a shrill creak, sound of steel biting into steel. The big boom quivered and settled slightly.

As it gathered momentum in its descent, Bill leaped upon the toppling rock balanced on the bucket's edge, heaved the child up and flung her truly into the arms of Brennan, who was staring upward from the bank just where the last warning sound had halted him. And before the child had reached that harbor, the poised rock tilted downward and Bill went with it in thunder into the pool.

We assembled in the dredge while Brennan, sweat pouring off his arms, took the engines and dragged the bucket once more into the fading moonlight. He

swung the boom shoreward, and we all went down to peer into the bucket's depths. We found nothing. The still pool reflected stars. Nothing rose from its dark profundities to tell us of Bill. With a final oath, Brennan held out the child to me. "You know the house," he said thickly. "Take her home."

* * * * *

I found the dredge at work as usual the next night. A new man was in Bill's seat. Brennan smoked on the platform of his little shed. He nodded to me and went on smoking till I said, "Any news of him?"

He shook his head. "That was a queer trick of that shot, was n't it?" he said gloomily. "Who would have thought it would have played such a game as that?"

Later we walked on the reef, and Brennan grew moodier.

"One never can tell," he said presently. "But Bill handled that shovel like a spoon, did n't he? I did n't see the kid out in that water, and I was standing not twenty yards from her. But Bill saw her and dipped her out with his twenty-five ton bucket as gently as a mother. Poor Bill!"

There was tinkle of glass at my feet. I looked down. A slight odor of violets ascended. My exclamation of dismay brought Brennan back to realities. "The kid's little *kahuna*," he muttered. "Bill had a little girl."

"He never said anything about it," I murmured.

"I overheard him talking to the kid," Brennan said apologetically. "He told her he had a little girl."

I stooped and picked up the pitiful banana and the broken perfume bottle. "I wonder—" I began.

A child's cry hushed the words on my lips. We started, listened, and then betook ourselves down the reef to the edge of the bay. As we crossed the crest we saw a little figure at the water's brink. The child bent over something that lay, a dark, irregular blot on the white sand.

Brennan was the first to recover himself. He took the child gently up, smoothing her hair. "Don't cry," he said huskily.

The little hand pointed downward. "Mith Minnie!" she cried. "Mith Minnie brung my papa back!"

I bent over and glanced at the white, thin face of the dead man, at the slender, bruised hands. Then I looked inquiringly at Brennan. But the child's voice cut in between us.

"Tell mamma!" she commanded shrilly. "Tell mamma Mith Minnie brung my papa back!"

A native trimmer looked over my shoulder, stared at the still form a moment, and then, dropping his spade, vanished into the darkness toward Kakaako. Brennan cuddled the child in his arms and refused to meet my eyes.

She came, softly over the tumbled coral, her hair rumpled from her pillow, her flowing *holoku* giving forth a delicate perfume of violets. Regardless of us all, she fell on her knees beside the man's body and kissed his face with tears. The baby slipped from Brennan's embrace and knelt on the sharp coral by her mother. "Thee!" she called gently. "Mith Minnie brung my papa back! Mith Minnie *Mipptb!*"

The woman turned her shaken countenance upon us and sobbed, "My husband!"

Brennan bowed his head. "Yes," he said dully, "that's Bill Mipps."

The child's voice rose in shrill triumph: "An' pretty thoon thee 'll brung him hith little dirl!"

The setting moon gently threw a velvet shadow over the upturned face. As the little pigtailed slipped down and brushed the pallid lips I discerned a smile on the countenance of the dead.

Bargains in Babies

AMONG the deacons of a Presbyterian church in an Ohio town was a good old gentleman familiarly known as "Uncle Thomas." Although too deaf to hear, he was always in his accustomed seat at church, and his zeal in religious work was untiring. Owing to a shortage of song books in the Sabbath-school, some additional ones were ordered by "Uncle Thomas," who apprised the pastor of their arrival, and the latter agreed to announce the fact from the pulpit on Sunday morning.

The pastor made the promised announcement, among others, concluding with this one:

"Parents wishing their children baptized will please present them at the close of the service."

The good deacon jumped to his feet, and, in the loud voice peculiar to the deaf, bawled out, "Those who haven't any can get them at my house for fifty cents apiece!"

As Uncle Thomas and his wife had always been childless, this startling information almost broke up the meeting, and a wave of merriment swept the congregation that threatened to shake the church from its foundation.

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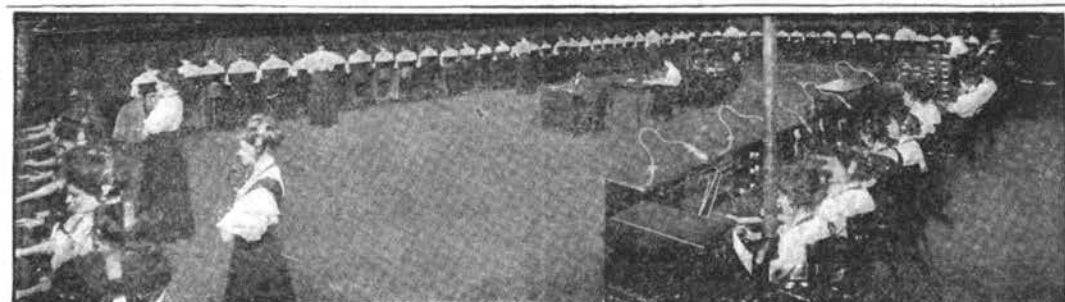


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Expect Great Things of Yourself

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 444]

fly south in the winter without giving them a sunny South to match the instinct.

The cause of whatever comes to you in life is right inside of you. There is where it is created. *The thing you long for and work for comes to you because your thought has created it, because there is something inside you that attracts it.* Your habitual mental attitude brings it to you. It comes because there is an affinity in you for it. *Your own comes to you, is always seeking you.*

Whenever you see a person who has been unusually successful in any field, remember that he has usually thought himself into his position; his habitual mental attitude and energy have created it; that what he stands for in his community has come from his mental attitude toward life, toward his fellow men, toward his vocation, toward himself. Above all else, it is the outcome of his inward vision of himself, the result of his estimate of his powers and possibilities.

It is mental force, mental vigor, matched with a robust determination, that does things in this world. We are just beginning to learn the A, B, C's of the tremendous power of thought; the force of affirmation, the power of a stern resolution, and a large and true estimate of oneself.

Multitudes of people think themselves into weakness. They cut down their vitality by their limiting, discouraging thought, and by imagining that all sorts of things are going to happen to them. They think that their health, their careers, their whole lives are at the mercy of accident; that, whether they are able to perform the work of a man or a pygmy, whether they succeed or fail, depends largely upon the chance of their having inherited a strong physique, or the chance of their not being cut off by some contagious disease or by an accident; in other words, they believe that their whole destiny is largely a matter of chance.

The Creator never put us in such a dilemma. We were put here to fulfill a grand destiny which we are amply able to fulfill to a certainty. That destiny is the realization of our highest and noblest ideals.

"If you will be sure that the longing you feel for something better," says Robert Collier, "is not to end in disgrace when your call comes, you must now be gathering the idea and aptitude that will assure the place. *Keep your whole life open and ready.*"

With many of us the longing to express that divine something which throbs within us, when life is young, ends in failure or disgrace. The things most of us do are but a mockery of the things we could do and should do. The man one becomes is usually but an apology of the man one should become.

The great trouble with us is that we do not look at life as grandly as we should. When a man realizes his kinship with Omnipotence, when he grasps the idea

that he was made upon a divine model, he will accomplish infinitely more than when he has a little, picayune estimate of himself and his ability.

I never knew a man who had a small, depreciative estimate of himself, to do a great thing. We can never get more out of ourselves than we expect. If you expect large things from yourself, and demand them, if you hold the large mental attitude toward your work, you will get much bigger results than if you depreciate yourself and look only for little results.

I know people who are forever belittling themselves, criticizing themselves in this way: "Oh, I never could do things as other people do them. I have n't their ability. I am always blundering. I was never accurate. I simply have n't the ability that many other people have, and I must take a humbler place in life."

Now, if you admit that your ability does not match that of others, and that you are a blunderer, that very suggestion helps to rob you of your power, and to make you a blunderer. You should deny that you habitually blunder. You should assert your ability to do things properly, superbly. This assertion, with effort to do things right, and the belief that you can, will bring the natural result. But if you admit that you are full of flaws, that you are a blunderer, always unlucky, that you can never do things as other people do, then how can you expect other than that your acts will follow the convictions which you are constantly emphasizing?

If you sneak about, with an apologetic air, as though you would pick up anything that anybody else dropped, and be glad to get it, but that you do not expect much of yourself; as though you do not believe that the grand things, the good things of the world are intended for you, you will pass for a very small man. And it is a fact that others' estimate of us has a great deal to do with our place in life and what we achieve. We can not get away from it.

There is everything in assuming the part we wish to play, and playing it royally. If you are ambitious to do big things, you must make a large program for yourself, and assume the part it demands.

There is something in the atmosphere of the man who has a large and true estimate of himself, who believes that he is going to win out; something in his very appearance that wins half the battle before a blow is struck. Things get out of the way of the vigorous, affirmative man, which are always tripping the self-deprecating, negative man. *The world makes way for force and persistency.* But the namby-pamby man, who is afraid to claim anything for himself, who never knows quite what he wants, is obliged to move every obstacle by main force. Nothing gets out of his way. Nobody believes that he will ever accomplish anything worth while.

There is everything in planning every morning a successful program for the day, in starting out with a resolution to make the day yield up every advantage which it can possibly give you. Say to yourself on rising: "I was made for success and happiness. The Creator never formed me, the grandest of his creations, to be a failure. *It is my duty to make this day a success.*" There is no lost day in God's calendar, no allowance for waste. It is my business to put forth all of the energy and effort that becomes a man, to allow nothing to interfere with the free and untrammelled exercise of my physical and mental faculties."

You know if there was enough depending upon it you could control your acts for the next minute, and the next, and the next, and if you can control the continuous present, you can control the entire future.

Suppose some millionaire should tell you that if you would act in a certain way for a single day; that if you would put forth every bit of your effort, if you would do your level best in every particular every minute of the day, he would make you a present of a fortune. Do you think that you would allow any fear or doubt or any unfavorable estimate of yourself to stand in your way?

No; every bit of reserve power within you would come to your assistance and stifle any inclination to inactivity; all your fears, anxieties, and worries would be scattered to the winds, and you would buckle down to hard work. Every day has a great prize awaiting every human being, a prize which no money can buy, and which is obtained only at the price of effort, of self-development.

Everything depends upon the character of the concepts you hold in the mind, for your success is the result of your thought, your health the result of your thought, your mental condition a result of your thinking. Right thinking will produce a right life, successful thinking a successful life; diseased thinking a sickly, diseased life. Poverty thinking will produce a poverty-stricken life.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of constantly holding before the mind the affirmatives of the things we wish to do or wish to become.

Never mind if you can not at once obtain the thing you long for. No matter how far away or how impossible it may seem to you, just keep your mind, your purpose, fixed on it. There is a tremendous magnetic power in focusing the mind upon the attainment of our object. If we never waver or lose faith in ourselves, ways which we did not dream of before will open up in a marvelous manner.

How often have you found, on coming to a difficulty which in the distance seemed so formidable, a simple way to overcome it, just as, when walking or driving on a crowded street, the whole way appears so blocked up ahead of us that it does not seem possible to get through, yet, when we get there, we find there is plenty of room and that we can make easy progress.

Look back upon the past lives of self-made men and women, and see how miraculously the way was opened for them, so that they were able to accomplish the thing they longed to do, and which they always kept thinking and hoping and believing they could do. Only keep trying, keep pushing, keep thinking, thinking hard along the line of your ambition, and the door will open for you as it did for them.

Do not be too anxious to see all the way. It may not be best for you. Keep pegging away, and keep up your trust in the great Unseen Power which often brings things out infinitely better than you had planned.

How many times in our past lives has the way been so dark that we could not see a gleam of light; how many times has failure seemed absolutely inevitable, and yet when we kept hoping, working, doing our level best, the Unseen Power which makes all things work together for good for those who do their level best came to our rescue and brought us our heart's desire!

The man who holds steadily in mind the consciousness of his union with Divinity can not think meanly of himself or of his value as a factor in performing the great work of the world. He who feels himself inseparably linked with the great Cause of all creation is not likely to drift very far from that divine harmony which gives power.

Great Britain, the Foe of Reform

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 439]

Mr. J. G. Alexander, of the British anti-Opium Society, was in Chen-tu last year, this same Commissioner Tso called a mass-meeting for him, at which the native officials and gentry sat on the platform with representatives of the missionary societies, and ten thousand Chinese crowded about to hear Mr. Alexander's address.

The most disappointing region in the matter of the opium prohibition is the upper Yangtse Valley. In the lower valley, from Nanking down to Soochow and Shanghai (native city), the enforcement ranges from partial to complete. But in the upper valley, from Nanking to Hankow and above, I could not find the slightest evidence of enforcement. At the river ports the dens were running openly, many of them with doors opening directly off the street and with smokers visible on the couches within. The viceroy of the upper Yangtse provinces, Chang-chi-tung, "the Great Viceroy," has been recognized for a generation as one of China's most advanced thinkers and reformers. His book, "China's Only Hope," has been translated into many languages, and is recognized as the most eloquent analysis of China's problems ever made by Chinese or Manchu. In it he is flatly on record against opium. Indeed, when governor of Shansi, twenty-odd years ago, this same official sent out his soldiers to beat down the poppy crop. Yet it was in this viceroyalty alone, among all the larger subdivisions of China, that there was no evidence whatever last year of an intention to enforce the anti-opium edicts. The only explanation of this state of things seems to be that Chang-chi-tung is now a very old man, and that to a great extent he has lost his vigor and his grip on his work. Whatever the reason, this fact has been used with telling effect in pro-opium arguments in the British Parliament as an illustration of China's "insincerity."

The situation seems to sum up about as follows: The prohibition of opium was immediately effective over about one-quarter of China, and partially effective over about two-thirds. This, it has seemed to me, considering the difficulty and immensity of the problem, is an extraordinary record. Every opium den actually closed in China represents a victory. Whether the dens will stay closed, after the first frenzy of reform has passed, or whether the prohibition movement will gain in strength and effectiveness, time alone will tell. But there is an ancient popular saying in China to this effect, "Do not fear to go slowly; fear to stop."

We have seen, then, that while the Chinese are fighting the opium evil earnestly, and in part effectively, they are still some little way short of conquering it. Also we must not forget that all reforms are strongest in their beginnings. The Chinese, no less than the rest of us, will take up a moral issue in a burst of enthusiasm. But human beings can not continue indefinitely in a bursting condition. Reaction must always follow extraordinary exertion, and it is then that the habits of life regain their ascendancy. Remarkable as this reform battle has been in its results, it certainly can not show a complete, or even a half-complete, victory over the brown drug. And meantime the Government of British India is pouring four-fifths of its immense opium production into China by way of Hongkong and the Treaty Ports. It should be added, further, that while the various self-governing ports, excepting Shanghai, have very recently been forced, one by one, to cover up at least the appearance of evil, the crown colony of Hongkong, which is under the direct rule of Great Britain, is still clinging doggedly to its opium revenues. The



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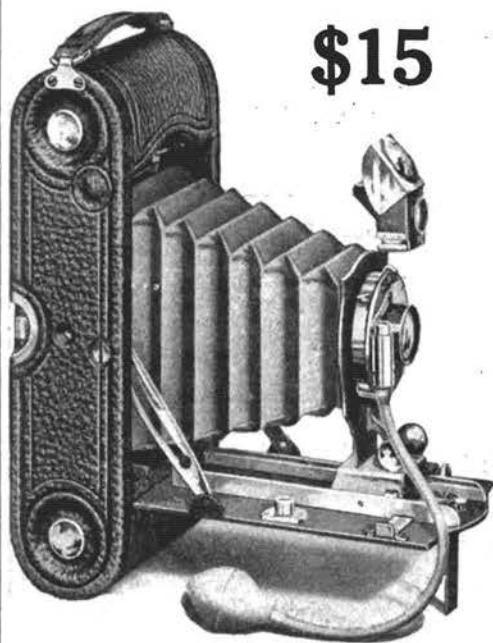
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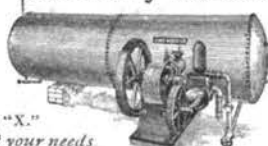
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whole miserable business was summed up thus in a recent speech in the House of Commons: "The mischief is in China; the money is in India."

What is Great Britain doing to help China? His Majesty's Government has indulged in a resolution now and then, has expressed diplomatic "sympathy" with its yellow victims, and has even "urged" India in the matter, but is it really doing anything to help?

There are reasons why the world has a right to ask this question.

If China is to grow weaker, she must ultimately submit to conquest by foreign powers. There are nine or ten of these powers which have some sort of a footing in China. No one of them trusts any one of the others, therefore each must be prepared to fight in defense of its own interests. It is not safe to tempt great commercial nations with a prize so rich as China; they might yield. Once this conquest, this "partition," sets in, there can result nothing but chaos and world-wide trouble.

The trend of events is to-day in the direction of this world-wide trouble. The only apparent way to head it off is to begin strengthening China to a point where she can defend herself against conquest. The first step in this strengthening process is the putting down of opium—there is no other first step. Before you can put down opium, you have got to stop opium production in India. And therefore the Anglo-Indian opium business is not England's business, but the world's business. The world is to-day paying the cost of this highly expensive luxury along with China. Every sallow morphine victim on the streets of San Francisco, Chicago, and New York is helping to pay for this government traffic in vice.

But is Great Britain planning to help China?

The government of the British Empire is at present in the hands of the Liberal party, which has within it a strong reform element. From the Tory party nothing could be expected; it has always worshiped the Things that Are, and it has always defended the opium traffic. If either party is to work this change, it must be that one which now holds the reins of power. And yet, after generations of fighting against the government opium industry on the part of all the reform organizations in England, after Parliament has twice been driven to vote a resolution condemning the traffic, after generations of statesmen, from Palmerston through Gladstone to John Morley, have held out assurances of a change, after the Chinese Government, tired of waiting on England, has begun the struggle, this is the final concession on England's part:

The British Government has agreed to decrease the exportation of Indian opium about eight per cent. per year during a trial period of three years in order to see whether the cultivation of the poppy and the number of opium smokers is lessened. Should such be the case, exportation to China will be further decreased gradually.

The reader will observe here some very pretty diplomatic juggling. There is here none of the spirit which animated the United States last year in proposing voluntarily to give up a considerable part of its indemnity money. The British Government is yielding to a tremendous popular clamor at home; but nothing more. Could a government offer less by way of carrying out the conviction of a national parliament to the effect that "the methods by which our Indian opium revenues are derived are morally indefensible"? The English people are urging their government, the Chinese are diplomatically putting on pressure, the United States is organizing an international opium commission on the ground that the nations which consume Indian and Chinese opium have, willy-nilly, a finger in the pie. And by way of response to this pressure the British Government agrees to lessen very slightly its export for a few years, or until the pressure is removed and the trade can slip back to normal!

There are not even assurances that the agreement will be carried out. While this very agitation has been going on, while these articles have been appearing in Success Magazine, the annual export of Bengal opium has increased (1906-1908) from 96,688 chests to 101,588 chests. And it is well to remember that after Mr. Gladstone, as prime minister, had given assurances of a "great reduction" in the traffic, the officials of India admitted that they had not heard of any such reduction.

A few months ago the Government issued a "White Paper" containing the correspondence with China on the opium question, so that there is no dependence on hearsay in this arraignment of the British attitude. Let us glance at an excerpt or two from these official British letters. This, for example:

The Chinese proposal, on the other hand, which involves extinction of the import in nine years, would commit India irrevocably, and in advance of experience, to the complete suppression of an important trade, and goes beyond the underlying condition of the scheme, that restriction of import from abroad, and reduction of production in China, shall be brought *pari passu* into play."

Not content with this rather sordid expression, his Majesty's Government goes on to point out that, under existing treaties, China can not refuse to admit Indian opium; that China can not even increase the import duty on Indian opium without the permission of Great Britain; that before Great Britain will consider the question of permanently reducing her production China must prove that the number of her smokers has diminished; that the opium traffic is to be continued at least

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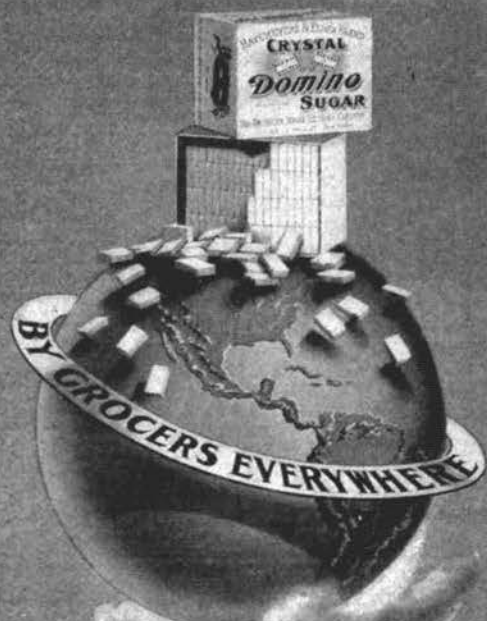
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for another ten years; and then indulges in the superb deliverance:

The proposed limitation of the export to 60,000 chests from 1908 is thought to be a very substantial reduction on this figure, and the view of the Government of India is that such a standard ought to satisfy the Chinese Government for the present.

Even by their own estimate, after taking out the proposed total decrease of 15,300 chests in the Chinese trade, the Indian Government will, during the next three years, unload more than 170,000 chests of opium on a race which it has brought to degradation, which is to-day struggling to overcome demoralization, and which is appealing to England and to the whole civilized world for aid in the unequal contest.

We must try to be fair to the gentlemen-officials who see the situation only in this curious half-light. "It is a practical question," they say. "The law of trade is the balance-sheet. It is not our fault as individuals that opium, the commodity, was launched out into the channels of trade; but since it is now in those channels, the law of trade must rule, the balance-sheet must balance. Opium means \$20,000,000 a year to the Indian Government—we can not give it up."

The real question would seem to be whether they can afford to continue receiving this revenue. Opium does not appear to be a very valuable commodity in India itself. Just as in China, it degrades the people. The profits in production, for everybody but the Government, are so small that the strong hand of the law has often, nowadays, to be exerted in order to keep the ryots (farmers) at the task of raising the poppy. There are many thoughtful observers of conditions in India who believe it would be highly "practical" to devote the rich soil of the Ganges Valley to crops which have a sound economic value to the world.

But more than this, the opium program saps India as it saps China. The position of the Englishman in India to-day is by no means so secure that he can afford to indulge in bad government. The spirit of democracy and socialism has already spread through Europe and has entered Asia. In Japan trade-unions are striking for higher wages. In China and India are already heard the mutterings of revolution. The British Government may yet have to settle up, in India as well as in China, for its opium policy. And when the day for settling up comes, it may perhaps be found that a higher balance-sheet than that which rules the government opium industry may force Great Britain to pay—and pay dear.

Yes, the world has some right to make demands of England in this matter. China can make no real progress in its struggle until the Indian production and exportation are flatly abolished.

The situation has distinctly not grown better since the publication of the first of these articles, nine months ago. If the reader would like to have an idea of where Great Britain stands to-day on the opium business, he can do no better than to read the following excerpts from a speech made last spring by Hon. Theodore C. Taylor, M. P., on his return from a journey round the world, undertaken for the purpose of personally investigating the opium problem.

First, this:

"We shall not begin to have the slightest right to ask that China should give proof of her genuineness about reform until we show more proof of our own genuineness about reform, and until we suppress the opium traffic where we can. China has taken this difficult reform in hand. She has done much, but not everything. In Shanghai, Hong-kong, and the Straits, we have done nothing at all. I want to say this morning, as pricking the bubble of our own Pharisaism, that from the point of view of reform, the blackest opium spots in China are the spots under British rule."

And then, in conclusion, this:

"I am convinced, and deeply convinced, as every observant and thoughtful man is that knows anything of China, that China is a great coming power. I was talking to a fellow-member of the House of Commons who lately went to China, and went into barracks and camps with the Chinese, and who made it his business to study Chinese military affairs, which generally excite so much laughter outside China. He spent a good deal of time with the Chinese soldier. He said to me, as many other people have said to me, 'The Chinaman is splendid raw material as a soldier, and, if his officers would properly lead the Chinaman, he would follow and make the finest soldier in the world, bar none.' It will take China a long, long time to organize herself; it will take her a long time to organize her army and navy; it will take a long time to get rid of the system of bribery in China, which is one of the hindrances to putting down the opium traffic; but, depend upon it, the time is coming, not perhaps very soon, but by and by—and nations have long memories—when those who are alive to see the development of China will be very glad that, when China was weak and we were strong, we, of our own motion, without being made to, helped China to get away from this terrible curse."

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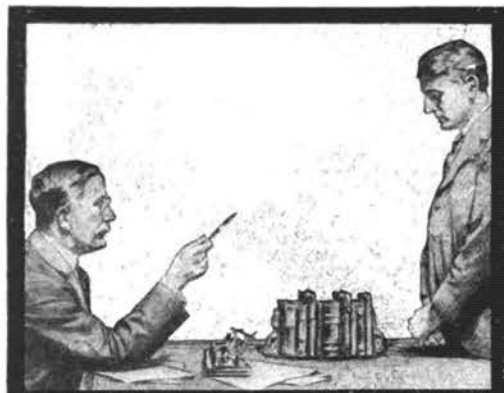
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The Uncertain Heart

[Continued from page 437]

"I don't see," she said, pouting, "how I can believe one without believing the other. Mr. Waite just swears to the truth of what he says about you. If you make me believe all the mean things you say about him, I don't see how I can help believing the nasty old charges he makes."

Holman paused to consider this new complication, which was disconcerting, to say the least; it put him in the position of campaigning against himself when he attacked Waite.

"And," she added, a moment later, "I don't like to think you're such an awful man."

"I'm not," he said, "but he is."

"That's just the way he talks," she sighed.

"How?"

"The way you do, only reversed."

"I'll eat him up!" he announced angrily.

"There won't be any mistake about the rights of this business after to-night!"

"What's going to happen to-night?" she asked.

"We're going to have a joint debate, and I'll make it his political finish! He'll be down and out!"

"Oh!" she explained regretfully; "I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" he cried. "D—do you want him to win?"

"No—o," she answered, "but I can't help being sorry for a man who is being so desperately attacked."

"How about being sorry for me?" he suggested.

"I am," she replied, "when he gets after you. I'm so sympathetic, you know; I just have to be sorry for anybody who's getting the worst of anything."

Here was another distressing complication for Holman. He didn't want to make his opponent the object of the girl's sympathetic solicitude, but how else was he to defeat him?

"It is dreadful," she went on, "to think of a man losing in both politics and love. I—I don't think I could put such a frightful disappointment on him."

"Wha—at!" he cried, staggered by this sudden shifting of the points of the game.

"Yes," she said calmly, "I feel sure that my heart will go out to the poor fellow who suffers defeat. I shall be so sorry for him."

"But—but—but," protested Holman, his tongue tripping the words in his excitement; "but you said you were going to leave it to the voters."

"That's what I'm doing, isn't it?" she asked. "Everything still depends upon the election."

"I—I did n't think you considered yourself a booby prize," he blurted out.

"Sir!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized humbly; "I did n't mean that."

"The heart of a girl, you know, is wayward and unreasoning," she explained, with the air of one stating a regrettable truth; "the effect of worldly considerations is often the reverse of what would be expected, and I have been so sorry for each of you in turn that I know just what my heart will say when one is friendless in defeat. It is woman's mission to comfort the afflicted; I could not be so cruel as to—"

"All right," interrupted Holman, quickly; "you keep your sympathy for me. You bet I'm going to need it."

"I hope so," she said wistfully. "I was sorry to have to be so sorry for Mr. Waite."

"Sorry!" repeated Holman. "Why, I'm in such a fix that I'm sorry for myself." His departure was hasty and unceremonious. "You wait until you hear from that meeting to-night," he called back to her.

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Greene earned an extra fee for violating the speed laws. Holman was in a desperate hurry. He was now looking upon the world from a new point of view, and it was quite important that Greene should not be so old-fashioned as to stick to one line of thought and action. There was, too, a question of time involved that made nervousness excusable, especially when Greene proved to be difficult to locate.

"It's all off!" he cried, when he finally found his man: "I'm beaten!"

"Beaten!" repeated Greene, in astonishment.

"Beaten to a frazzle," said Holman, excited, but strangely cheerful. "You haven't put out those circulars yet, have you?"

"Yes."

"What!"

"Of course I have."

"Oh, heavens!"

"What's the matter? Isn't that receipt genuine?"

"Certainly it's genuine."

"Then why shouldn't they be put out?"

"Why—why—because I'm beaten—at least, I thought I was."

"And are you?" Greene was excusably bewildered.

"I don't know—now."

"See here," said Greene, sharply, "are you crazy? Has politics gone to your head and unsettled your reason?"

"No, not politics."

"What then?"

Holman took a grip on his wavering faculties and brought himself down to a practical consideration of the new entanglements.

"Can't you recall them?" he demanded. "Is it too late to stop the distribution? I tell you, we've got to shut that move off!"

"Why?"

"Why! Why! Why, it will make a political wreck of Waite!"

"So much the better."

"No, it isn't!" exclaimed Holman, hotly. "I can't have the ruin of a promising young man on my conscience."

Greene looked at his candidate in amazement. A few hours before there had been nothing too bitter for him to say about his opponent, and now he wanted to be merciful. The very charges that these circulars proved by the facsimile receipt had been originally made, and gloatingly made, in one of Holman's speeches. The personal attack was merely emphasized and clinched by this scheme. And he objected to the proof of his own words!

"You've been sunstruck by the heat of the campaign," declared Greene, disgustedly. "Some of those circulars have been distributed, and others are being distributed, and I'll put a few thousand more out. It helps the whole ticket, and you're not the only Democrat running for office. What makes you so considerate of Waite, anyhow? He's been hammering you pretty hard on that socialist business."

"That's it! That's it!" cried Holman, with sudden, inexplicable jubilation; "that's my cue! I'm guilty."

"You're what?"

"I'd almost forgotten that chance. I'll spring it at the meeting to-night!"

He rushed out, jumped into his cab, and was whirled away. Greene followed in another cab as soon as he was able to collect his wits.

IV.

Waite started early for the meeting at which he was scheduled to destroy his personal and political rival, and he declined all offers of companionship. He knew just how the feat was to be accomplished, but he pretended that he wished to think over, undisturbed, what he was going to say for himself and against his opponent. As a matter of fact, he wished to make a brief call, to remind a certain young lady that this was the finish of the campaign, and that there was absolutely no doubt as to what the voters, who were to choose a husband for her, would say.

Waite was cool and confident when he started for the hall, but he arrived there much perturbed, having heard from that uncertain heart. The owner of the heart had assured him, with a pretty air of perplexity and annoyance at her predicament, that "pity is akin to love," and that she would be so overwhelmed with pity for the defeated man that she never would be able to add to his poignant anguish by turning from him. Her impulse, she said, would be to give the loser such consolation as she could, which would be herself. As a matter of worldly wisdom she knew that her decision should be the reverse of this, but experience had taught her that her heart would yearn to give comfort to the one who suffered the bitterness of failure. It had been on the tip of his tongue to ask if her sympathetic heart would lead her to marry all the defeated candidates, but he had refrained, realizing that this case was of a nature that made all ordinary rules and precedents inapplicable.

So Waite was much perturbed when he reached the hall. He had become, in the course of the campaign, personally ambitious to reach the office for which he was a candidate, but he sadly reasoned that two years as city attorney was not to be compared to a life term as the husband of so delightful, if capricious, a girl as Miss Winifred Dayton. Having reached this conclusion, although with regret, he planned rapidly.

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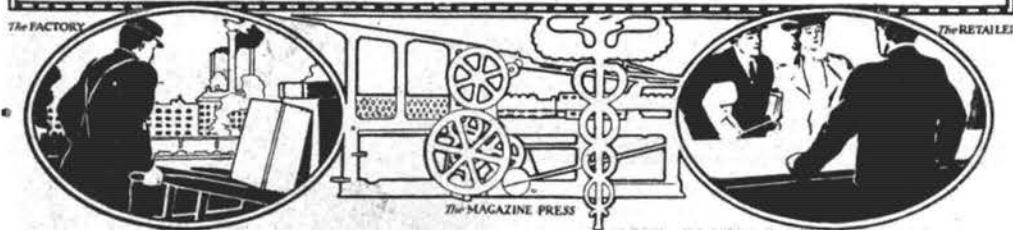
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The Merchant Who Found Himself



A CERTAIN merchant in the East, owning a retail clothing business left by his father, found himself a few years ago with surplus money and energy that led him to establish another store in a nearby town.

Now, his father had drawn the best patronage in that city by selling leading lines of men's hats, the name of any one of which is nationally known for high quality. The elder merchant had carried two of them almost from the first year their manufacturers had made hats. There are certain standard makes of men's clothing, and this store had for two years carried one of them. It was the same with shoes, collars, shirts, underclothing, etc. The stock comprised everything needed to fit out a man or a boy. But every article was sold on the reputation of the manufacturer, and bore his label, which was well and favorably known through national advertising.

The son had continued this policy. But now he thought it time he was making a reputation for himself. Everything sold in his new store should bear his own label, and nobody else's. He wanted his name on the best merchandise, however, so he went to the manufacturers of those very lines handled by his father and himself, and arranged to get precisely the same goods, to sell at the same prices, but with his own label attached instead of the manufacturer's.

When his new store opened it had identically the same merchandise as the old one, except for the makers' names. The merchant advertised liberally in the local papers. He guaranteed the trustworthiness of everything sold. He laid emphasis on his reputation, his experience, his skill as a buyer. His store immediately took the leading patronage in that city.

At the end of three seasons, however, the proprietor went to the manufacturers, acknowledged that he was wrong, and directed that their own labels be restored to what he bought. Trade was not increasing as it should. The old store showed greater growth in the same period than the new, though the latter was in new territory. It took too much time to persuade customers that a hat made by the well-known Blank

Company, bearing only this merchant's name, was as good as the same hat bearing Blank's name. So the old labels were restored, and during the fourth season the gains in trade were more than double the whole growth during the first three seasons. To-day that shop bears a large sign. At the top is the merchant's name, and underneath the names of fully a dozen manufacturers of standard articles of men's wearing apparel. He is glad to let it be known that these manufacturers are, as it were, partners in his business.

The retail merchant is doing the best for his patrons and himself when he puts most of his energy and ability into the work of selecting and distributing goods, and leaves manufacturing and the making of reputation to the producers. Some merchants buy goods too cheap, and others too dear. Some carefully select stock that isn't in demand. Others buy too much. In the end there is dead stock, dead trade, dead capital, and a dead business.

Nationally advertised goods carry the least risk of becoming dead stock. Live energy is behind them. More than that, real demand is behind them, for the manufacturer has tested them in many markets to find out whether the public really wants them, and whether it will want them again, and again, and again—and yet again. Enormous national sales are necessary to pay advertising bills, because competition keeps the advertising expense down to an infinitesimal fraction on each sale. A good deal is heard from time to time of the commodity that is ten cents value and ninety cents advertising. But who ever knew such a commodity to gain a national demand or hold it?

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ADVERTISING SIDE.

Holman was already there, and Waite noted that Greene, who accompanied him, seemed to be very much troubled. As a matter of fact, Greene had been successfully eluded until he finally found Holman at the hall, and he had been unable to secure any explanation of the latter's mysterious utterances at the conclusion of their previous interview. Holman would merely assure him that he was quite prepared for the debate.

Waite had little time to give to his antagonist, however, having other matters on his mind. His first move was to get into communication with Cole. He wanted to know whether Cole had yet circulated the features of Holman's socialistic record. Cole said he had followed up previous reference to it in Waite's campaign speeches by putting all the material in the hands of certain friendly editors who would use it in detail in the morning papers. Waite was not greatly disturbed by this information, for he had expected it; the situation was made a little more difficult, but he had planned in anticipation of it.

The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The people had turned out as they would for any other exciting episode: there were many there who cared less for politics than they did for a lively time, and they felt that they were justified in expecting a warm entertainment. The excitement of the campaign centered in these two, who displayed an enmity that was more than political. As they came on the stage, flanked by their supporters, they gave each other such black looks that it was freely predicted the police reserves would be called out before the meeting was over, and the crowd was correspondingly elated.

Waite was the first of the two to speak. The chairman's remarks were brief. He had prepared quite a pretentious little speech, but he discovered early that the crowd was clamorous for the star attractions. Such rude and disconcerting remarks as "Chop it off!" and "Trot out the real ones!" served to convince him that his wit was not appreciated, and he wisely followed the advice thus gratuitously given.

Then came the sensations, although they were of a nature not immediately appreciated. Waite jumped into his subject without any annoying preliminaries. His looks seemed to indicate intense hatred of his opponent, which cheered the audience to the hope of ultimate bloodshed, but almost his first words destroyed this hope. He had, he said, a painful duty to perform. For the sake of his friends, who would be greatly disappointed, he wished he could escape this duty, but his conscience would not permit. As a matter of fact, in the excitement of a hot campaign, he had done a grievous injury to a most deserving young man.

About this time Holman sat up and began to take notice. He even whispered anxiously to Greene that he was afraid Waite was n't going to play fair.

When a man realized, the speaker went on, that self-interest had lured him into the devious ways of tricky politics, the only thing for him to do was to confess his wrong-doing frankly and take the consequences, however serious they might be. So it became his unpleasant duty to say that there was really nothing in the charges made against his opponent.

Cole was aghast. So was Holman. Whitfield was anxious. Everybody else was surprised and puzzled. Cole protested in a stage whisper, but Holman sprang to his feet and protested aloud.

"Don't you believe it!" he cried. "He had my record right!"

"The dates of those socialistic utterances," persisted Waite, calmly, "were very carefully suppressed. He was a boy—not even a voter—when he said most of those things, and I could put beside them other and later speeches that show him to be a conservative and safe man. I regret to say that I have been guilty of deceit in my previous presentation of his record, for I have known all along that he has forsaken these hallucinations of immature youth."

"Shut up, you fool!" Cole whispered hoarsely.

"I can not take advantage of this magnanimity," declared Holman. "My views are almost anarchistic—"

Greene excitedly caught him by the coat tails and yanked him back into his seat.

"Keep still!" ordered Greene. "Let him alone, and he will elect you."

"I know it," returned Holman, plaintively. "That's just the trouble."

Cole and Whitfield, rendered desperate, had hurried to the side of Waite, but he waved them back. He could not be swerved from the path of duty, he said; he must make reparation for the great wrong he had done.

"Quit throwing bouquets!" yelled the crowd, disgustedly.

"Gentlemen," persisted Waite, "this is more painful to me than to you, but I can not afford to win on a falsehood: I must give my opponent his due."

"He is n't playing fair," complained Holman. "Why does n't he hammer me?" And only the most strenuous efforts on the part of Greene kept him in his chair.

"He may have his faults," declared Waite, "but the charges made are founded upon a deliberate perversion of facts, and I say to you frankly that he is not the dangerous man he has been pictured. It is humiliating to confess—"

Holman broke away from Greene and rushed to the front of the stage, interrupting excitedly.

"This is generous—noble!" he cried: "but I would be a coward and a sneak to accept this undeserved trib-

ute, especially after the shameful way I have maligned him. He has no more corporation affiliations than any other successful lawyer—"

"I'm tied up with them!" broke in Waite.

"The very fact," shouted Holman, "that the corporations have occasionally retained him is proof of his fine legal ability!"

"They own me!" roared Waite, excitedly. "I'm tied up—I could n't break away—"

"That receipt is five years old!" interrupted Holman, waving his arms to attract attention. "He has n't had a corporation case in—"

"I'm retained in one now!"

The supporters of each were struggling with their candidate, and the crowd, divided between appreciation of an unexpected farce and disgust at the lack of vicious personalities, was hurling ribald remarks at both. The crowd wanted to know whether this was a pink tea of compliments or a political meeting, and there was one man, standing on a chair, who earnestly advised them to get an etiquette book. There was much hilarity of a sarcastic and disparaging kind.

The two candidates, struggling with their friends, continued to hurl compliments at each other. Each said the other had been shamefully maligned. Holman, according to Waite, was a man whose every thought, for years, had been given to the welfare of the masses. Waite, according to Holman, was a man whose personal honor and legal attainments were proved by the demand for his services.

Realizing that the situation was beyond rescue, the friends of the candidates forced them back and out of separate doors, the crowd meanwhile hooting and yelling. And the candidates were reasonably contented, each being satisfied that he had destroyed his own political chances and thereby made certain of the girl.

V.

"Am I defeated?" asked Holman, anxiously, the night of the election.

"Defeated!" snorted Greene. "You're buried a hundred feet deep."

Holman gave a sigh of relief.

"What's the estimate of Waite's majority?" he asked.

"Waite's dead as you are," retorted Greene.

"What!"

"Bliss, the independent, is elected."

Holman seemed to shrink into his chair. What would that sympathetic heart do now? Whom would it yearn to console?

"But I'm buried deepest," he urged desperately.

"It's an even thing," returned Greene. "A steam shovel could n't dig either of you out."

Holman merely moaned despairingly, and soon sought the seclusion of his own rooms.

It was three days before he regained sufficient courage to seek the girl, and then he found Waite already there. It was not a pleasant meeting, but they were both too forlorn and miserable for active hostilities.

It was not an easy situation to face. The two ex-candidates could do naught else but meet in a gentlemanly way in the presence of a lady; so they killed whatever political trouble might have existed between them, shook hands, smiled, and in another moment they were friends.

"It was a tough fight," said Waite.

"Yes, and who on earth would ever have thought that Bliss would win," declared Holman; "Bliss, of all men. Why, I thought he would be as easy to defeat as a child."

"Well, let bygones be bygones," Waite broke in. "The political battle is over. The public has forgotten us. We are dead, politically, as a yesterday's newspaper. But we have a greater fight on now. Which will win this little girl?"

"Are you still undecided?" asked Holman.

Winifred looked as if she wished to speak, but for some reason the words did not come to her lips.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Waite. "We'll draw straws. The fellow who draws the long one wins."

He dashed out into the hall, plucked two straws from the whisk broom which he found there, and, hurrying eagerly back, fairly forced Winifred to clutch them in her hand and extend her arm. Holman approached her from the left and Waite from the right. Simultaneously each man pulled a straw.

Suddenly a light step was heard on the veranda, and the door-bell rang. The two defeated candidates could not fail to observe the slow blush that crept over Winifred's face. Then a tall figure entered the room, seized her outstretched hand as one who had the right, and held it firmly, while on his face shone the triumph of the successful candidate.

It was Bliss.

"It happened very suddenly—just the other day—" Winifred began, in evident embarrassment that made her none the less charming; and then she added, hastily, "but we've known each other a long time."

Anger and worry are like echoes; they do not exist until we call for them; and the louder we call the louder is their response. We can never drown them, yet, if let alone, they will drown themselves.
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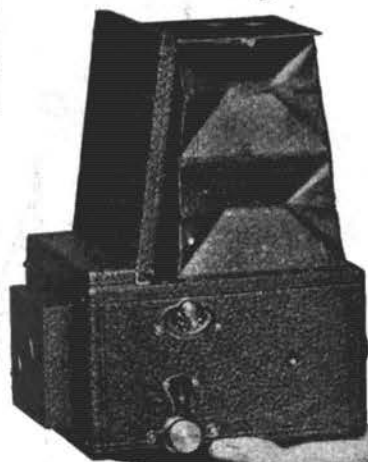
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Makin' Me Fadder Enjoy

[Continued from page 440]

table lay still. The giant was staring down at his paper again; but the queer Yiddish print had become a blur, with little red points striking up at his aching eyes. His muscles ached; he was faint—for at noon he ate no lunch, but worked instead to catch up to the others—and now the overwrought nerves were winding steadily tighter.

He glanced irritably up at his wife. No supper yet. With a short, explosive breath he turned to the imp's dark corner. It was empty.

"Where is the boy?" he asked roughly in Yiddish. The woman turned, saw the look in his eyes, which she too had long been watching. She paused, and then said very soothingly:

"Oh, he will be back in a minute; and supper is ready soon—very soon."

He made no reply, but rose and began walking slowly up and down. As he walked, his wife shot anxious looks—and hurried.

He stopped and stood frowning at her. Up to this night he had always kept it down. Once more he gripped those nerves of his, walked to the window, threw it up, and leaned out.

All at once he leaned far out. Down the deep canyon, from two blocks away, an engine belching smoke and sparks was clanging and rolling and swinging right through the scattering crowd. Nearer—nearer! The giant drew deep breaths of the cold, raw, bracing air. The engine stopped at the corner; they were screwing the hose to the hydrant; the helmeted men were coming this way! Armed with hose, axes, and pikes, they came rushing straight to his tenement door!

And then with a low, rough cry he turned, ran out, and down the stairs.

In the swift, excited search from floor to floor, he kept close to the helmets. The aches, the faintness, the nerves were all forgotten now. His hairy jaw set hard; his breath came fast; his eyes were set and eager. Through the dark halls he ran from door to door, pounding and shouting the news.

When it was certain that this was a false alarm, and the grumbling men had gone away, the giant came back refreshed and changed. He sat quietly down, and began to eat his supper.

In walked Jake. As he slid into his place at the table his father looked down with a teasing, superior smile.

"Have you heard of the fire?" he asked.

"No! Where?"

The smile of his father broadened.

"Right in this house," he said. "You young rascal, don't you wish you had been here? A terrible fire!" he chuckled. "We had to be brave men to put it all out!" Up bounded Jake.

"You mean a real fire?" he cried. And all through supper and far on into the safe, sleepy hours, they talked of fires large and small.

The next day, in the noon recess at school, the imp and Izzy his chum drew close with mysterious looks.

"Say," said the solemn-eyed Izzy, "did you have a fire by youse last night?"

"I was sittin' in a chair," said the imperturbable Jake.

Suddenly, without warning or reason, stout Izzy seemed seized with a spasm. He pounded the imp on the back, pounded and pounded, and both chums laughed till the tears rolled from their eyes.

They stopped and stared in conspirator fashion, and the light of adoration rose in Izzy's eyes.

"Say, but you're a wise feller!" he said. The imp looked as careless as all heroes should.

"Aw, what's splittin' yer face?" he growled. "Ain't every feller got a right to make his fadder enjoy?"

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The Cloth of Her Country

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

[Concluded from page 449]

up early in the morning and asked if everything was all right. He said, impatiently, that it was, not being aware of any reason right then why it should be otherwise.

"Pooh!" was the Heady verdict. "She's like all the rest, after the money; she'll not let a thing like that keep her away. She probably did not realize who she was talking to."

And it was agreed that no illusion would be made to the unpleasant event of the theater.

The Heady mansion was thronged; nay, jammed; the *élite* were there, and things were just booming along that afternoon when—but let us leave them booming a moment.

The big, black, hooded auto was speeding out over the dusty road to the military post, with Miss Red, her accompanist, and the inevitable mother as passengers.

The commanding officer of the post and divers and sundry other officers were discovered, to their great confusion, trying to best each other in a game of cards. To them, in their confusion, Miss Red made a brief address, the purport of which dawned upon their confused intellects slowly, but with gathering enthusiasm.

The wandering Private Coogan was discovered in the act of "kitchen police," and was haled before Miss Red—and Miss Red's mother.

"I had nothing to do with your being sent out of that theater last night," was the general drift of Miss Red's remarks to Mr. Coogan. "I want to tell you that I felt honored by the presence of a gentleman in my father's uniform."

Whereupon Mr. Coogan departed, somewhat nonplused.

"Now, gentlemen," said Miss Red, turning again to the officers. "If you have a hall here of any kind I shall be glad to make my first *début* in America before my country's most representative men—the private soldiers!"

They had the hall, a gymnasium hall. The audience was secured by the simple process of blowing assembly. And before some hundreds of abashed, but delighted soldiers, in varying attitudes of haste, Miss Red, dressed, as a throwing aside of an automobile cloak revealed, in a simple gown of white, sang—sang until Miss Red's mother, fearful of that precious voice, called a halt.

No Italian *arias* were rendered; no complex musical efforts that you and I do not understand, but "Asthore," "Forgotten,"—and "Home, Sweet Home."

Let us draw a kindly curtain of charity about the house of Heady as the minutes slipped by; as the jam grew greater, and the impatience waxed stronger. Let us apply balm of silence to the lacerated feelings of Miss Heady, Mrs. Heady, and even Mr. Heady.

Let us, I say, accept their excuse that the mother of their attraction had become suddenly ill—for the agitated manager guessing of some caprice on the part of his star after having heard vague accounts of the incident at the theater—would permit of no hyperbole concerning Miss Red, his eye to the evening, of course.

Let us leave the House of Heady to right itself as best it may, as we contemplate the more pleasing picture of Miss Red rolling away from the fort with cheering soldiers clamoring for a handshake.

Perish the thought that the Red manager gave the story to the newspapers! The fact that they had it in fullest detail simply reflects credit upon the enterprise of their reporters.

Certain other managers cynically remarked: "Well, that's a pretty fair piece of press work for a starter!"

But those other managers did n't know Miss Caroline Red.

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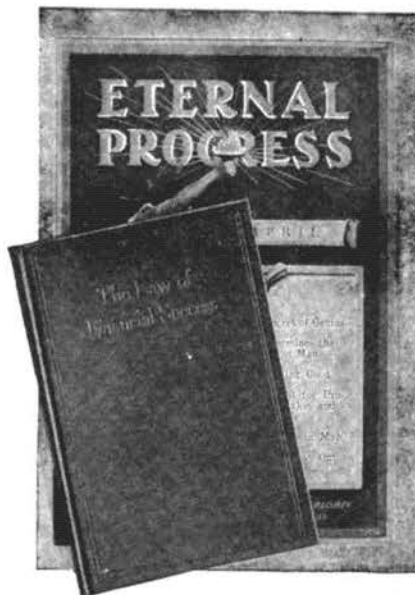
ETERNAL PROGRESS

Edited by C. D. Larson

AND

THE LAW OF FINANCIAL SUCCESS

By Edward E. Beals



NO person is thoroughly equipped for his work, be he employer or employee, until he understands Business Psychology and can make a practical application of Metaphysics to his daily problems. All progress—whether physical, mental, moral, social or financial—is based upon Law. And he who wins success in any line does so because he has followed the Law or Laws pertaining to his business whether he does it consciously or unconsciously.

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- | | |
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| 3 Fear and Worry | 11 Creation |
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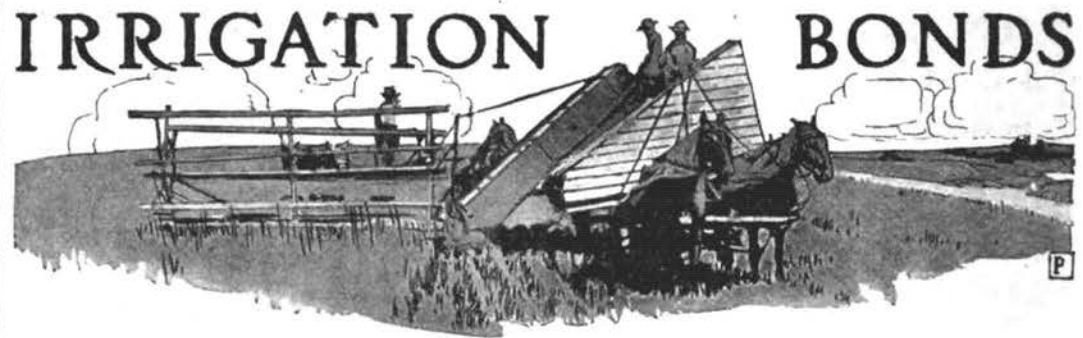
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THE term "irrigation" refers to the application of moisture to land by artificial means, for the purpose of fertilizing land and stimulating the growth of crops thereon. It may be briefly explained as the permanent diversion of water from rivers, lakes, and other sources of supply, and its subsequent conveyance over tracts of land by means of canals and ditches of gradually diminishing size, until through miniature ditches or furrows—perhaps but a foot or two apart—it serves to fertilize the soil with which it is brought in contact.

What Irrigation Is

The history of irrigation is indeed a very interesting bit of reading, and a study worth while to any one interested in the progress of our country. The subject has in more recent years received encouraging attention for the reason that our world is becoming crowded, at least our farming world. Those peculiar atmospheric conditions prevailing in certain sections of our Western country give to the plains and lowlands of that section an unsatisfied thirst. The result is scanty vegetation of little or no value. The soils are, however, rich in mineral ingredients, and when supplied with water demonstrate their immense superiority over the lands supplied by rainfall.

The widespread and increasing interest in the subject of irrigation, and the wonderful progress being made in converting large tracts of barren, desert lands into most fertile and productive soil, has attracted the attention of not only the agricultural world, but the investment world as well. Our present interest and enthusiasm in regard to irrigation seems to have been forced upon us by the exhaustion of the fertile lands.

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress of December, 1907, says: "Irrigation should be far more extensively developed than at present. . . . The work of the Reclamation Service in developing the larger opportunities of the western half of our country by irrigation is more important than almost any other movement."

ON THIS thought we have had more recently a word from the President. At the Conference of Governors, which convened in Washington, May 13th, the President said: "Already the limit of unsettled land is in sight, and indeed but little land fitted for agriculture now remains unoccupied, save what can be reclaimed by irrigation and drainage."

Location of Arid Lands

This statement would indeed be disturbing, if it were not for the fact that the arid lands in the United States comprise two-fifths of its entire area. This region where the average annual rainfall is twenty inches or less, and where the rainfall during the growing season is insufficient for raising crops, includes Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Western Texas, Eastern Oregon, and the southern portions of California and Idaho. The semiarid includes the greater portion of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, Central Colorado, Northern Idaho, and the eastern part of California and Washington.

This, of course, does not mean that even a majority portion of this land is actually irrigable, and in fact a close study of existing conditions in this section will show that there is hardly five per cent. of arable land in any one of these states which can be irrigated.

However, those familiar with the progress being made in irrigation by reason of the activity of the Federal Government, the States themselves, and the present willingness of capital to participate, are not in the least disturbed.

THE wonderful productiveness of irrigated lands, their long life, and the various periods of excitement over their money-making possibilities, have, like all other good things, invited the unscrupulous promoter, the well-meaning but inexperienced projector, and the advertising genius, to deliberately or otherwise make investment in irrigation securities unprofitable to investors.

This class of security has had a place in the investment field for many years, but those of the earlier days that afforded any kind of real protection were issues of municipal irrigation districts. Those of corporations gave little or no protection, yet many of these proved to be of value to their shareholders; but not until the

Their Value as an Investment By DAVID GRAHAM EVANS

rities of private undertaking, beyond that which might obtain in each individual case upon its merits.

Now that the Carey law has had ample time in which to demonstrate its actual value as a protection to both landholder and settler, and now that the various states have enacted laws to conform, this class of securities is to-day being handled by many of our very conservative banking-houses, and many of our men of great wealth and influence have become financially interested. They are also getting very comfortable and substantial consideration for banks and trust companies, as well as private investors.

The bonds of many companies and corporations organized under the Carey Act, and the state laws that conform with this act, are being classed with certain of our rather attractive municipal issues. There would appear to be a little more of an element of risk in them than in the average municipal issue, but the earnings are larger, as a rule; yet many of these issues mature in as short a time as eight and ten years, and are paid off serially, and therefore must be regarded in the light of temporary investments.

The securities would seem to have ample protection, in so far as the law and its influence is concerned. Almost every safeguard possible seems to have been thrown up by our law-makers; yet it must not be understood that all companies operating under these laws are to be considered as thoroughly sound. The law can not fully protect the investor from bad management, unfair dealing with settlers, and utter disregard for bondholders' interest.

WE FIND the land and irrigation companies exploiting their bond issues about as follows:

"A ten-year, first mortgage, six per cent. gold bond in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 usually at par.

"These bonds are redeemable at any interest-paying period three years after date, on thirty-day published notice, interest payable semiannually. Both principal and interest payable in gold at office of trustee. They are issued to provide funds for the completion of work already well under way, establishing an irrigation system for certain lands to be acquired by ample appropriations of water. Under the provision of the trustee, all moneys received from the sale of these bonds must be deposited, to be kept and paid out by them only upon satisfactory proof that such money is to be expended for work already completed.

"This company is incorporated under the laws of the State in which it is operating, and has been organized under the provisions of the United States Government, a law known as the 'Carey Act,' and the laws of the State conforming therewith, for the purpose of irrigating a given number of acres of land. By complying with the laws of the State, the company secures a first and perfect lien on the lands, for the purpose of furnishing water to said lands."

The State Board authorizes the sale by this company of water rights of all the lands to settlers at a given price per acre. Under the state law a company acquiring the land for irrigation purposes under the Carey Act is required by the State to deposit a sufficient bond, giving a positive guarantee that such company is financially and otherwise capable of carrying out their contract. Thus the State, backed by the United States Government, gives assurance of protection against loss to the investor and settler alike.

It will be seen here that the settler has been looked after and protected by law, it being recognized that his comfort, encouragement, and peace of mind are essential, for without him irrigated property is of no value. "The trust deed requires that after twenty-five per cent. of the payments on existing contracts for the water rights with land have been made, seventy-five per cent. of the remainder of the instalments on such contracts, as they are paid into the company, shall be deposited with the trustee as and for a sinking-fund for the payment and redemption of the bonds. The company further provides that no dividend of any kind is to be paid upon the stock until the bonds have all been

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redeemed and the mortgage canceled, thus assuring to the bondholder a steady increase of security and enhancing the value of the property yearly."

The sinking-fund affords a certain market for these securities, as will be seen. The bonds are not listed on the exchanges, and of course have not what is generally known as a broad and ready market, yet the shortness of the investment, and the sinking-fund requirement under the trust deed, would seem ample for most investors.

* * *

ANOTHER interesting phase of irrigation securities is that settlers can acquire title of lands only by purchasing water rights, by filing contracts for water rights with the proper state officials, and that they may be paid for in yearly instalments. Immediately upon the filing of such contracts by the settler, they become exclusive first liens upon state lands, and all improvements are thereafter made thereon.

The Securing of Water Rights

There is a maximum of acreage to be allowed to each settler under the law, and in addition he must make certain improvements on his land, and show at least thirty days' residence after filing his contract, before the title can be obtained.

When ninety per cent. of the contracts for water rights have been paid for, the responsibility of the irrigation company ceases, and the system may be turned over to the settler. This must be done, however, when all the lands are sold and paid for. When this is accomplished, the settlers are to operate and maintain the system at their own expense. Thus it practically becomes a municipal district. Until the settler has made the required payment for water and land, a charge of about forty cents per acre is made by the company for the maintenance of the canal system. This charge is not fixed in any way, and, of course, varies with different companies.

We find that all kinds of cereals, grasses, and vegetables; wheat, alfalfa, oats, barley, and rye are grown in abundance, and that a great deal of this soil is exceedingly well adapted for the raising of sugar beets.

* * *

IN CONSIDERING investments of this kind, one must or should look into the legality of the issue and know that the laws, both state and Federal, have been complied with—in fact this is one of the most important considerations. The matter of transportation facilities and the markets for the products also have an important bearing upon the soundness of the investment. The provisions made for settlers, and the companies' methods of cooperating with them are among the most important. Obviously a policy which would tend to depreciate the earning power of the cultivator of the soil would be suicidal.

Policy of the Company

The truth of this was demonstrated in the early days of irrigation in this country. There was at one time in its history a feeling of dissatisfaction rather generously distributed that bid fair to do serious harm to progress along these lines—that created by the unfair treatment of settlers, and the many hardships imposed upon them by unscrupulous water companies.

This policy did not result to the advantage of those earnestly and honestly interested in placing this kind of an investment in the class that conditions and possibilities demanded, and the result is that it has been to a large degree eradicated.

It would now seem that the confidence of the farmer had been regained, and that the policies of a large number of irrigating companies would merit and retain this confidence. Their present methods are attracting the up-to-date, or, rather, scientific tiller of the soil, and he, of course, is contributing largely toward placing this class of investment among the desirable forms of investing surplus funds.

* * *

PERHAPS among the best and most interesting facts about irrigation bonds, from the investor's standpoint, is the fact that many of these issues are now in the hands of reputable investment bankers, and the policy of such institutions requires them to make thorough investigation of all conditions surrounding the property—this in the interest of both themselves and their clients.

Investment Through Banking Houses

The policy of such houses is to buy the issues outright and pass them on to their clients with the unqualified endorsement of the house, which means that they have thoroughly gone into every phase of the investment and in many instances have complete control of the property.

We have frequently pointed out to our readers in these columns the importance of making investments through banking houses of unquestioned reputation. Houses of this character are obviously better equipped to judge of the soundness of securities than anybody or any institution outside of the investment banking field. The most important part of their business is to know, not only for their own protection, but for the protection of their clients as well. Certainly they are deserving of patronage by all who wish to have their money safely and properly handled.

Short Term Investments

Yielding about

5% to 8%

We shall be glad to send you the 11th edition of our 12-page circular describing all of the Short Term Notes now upon the market, among which are the following:

Baltimore & Ohio 5s, due March, 1909.
Rock Island 6s, due April, 1909.
U. S. Rubber 5s, due Sept., 1909.
Hudson Companies 6s, due Feby., 1910.
Missouri Pacific 6s, due Feby., 1910.
American Beet Sugar Co. 6s, due March, 1910.
Louisville & Nashville 5s, due March, 1910.
Pennsylvania Railroad 5s, due March, 1910.
Norfolk & Western 5s, due May, 1910.
Chesapeake & O. 6s, due July, 1910.
Erie Railroad 6s, due April, 1911.
Southern Railway 6s, due May, 1911.
Interborough Rapid Transit 6s, due May, 1911.
Denver & Rio Grande 6s, due Aug., 1911.
North American Co. 5s, due May, 1912.
Kansas City Ry. & Light 6s, due April, 1912.
Tidewater Company 6s, due June, 1913.

The desirable issues of short term notes can be readily sold. They are excellent investments for institutions and business men. Orders entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention.

Write for circular No. 73, free of cost, and, in doing so, do not feel that you are placing yourself under any business obligation.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers

William and Pine Sts., New York
Members New York Stock Exchange

Security

...and...

Good Income

Are obtainable by the exercise of discriminating judgment.

We use such judgment in selecting all the bonds that we offer. We purchase these issues outright after a personal examination of their security by our own experts.

Send for our latest list of
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5% to 6%

Ask for Circular 886-A

We will assist by suggestions those who desire.

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21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
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Municipal Irrigation Bonds

which we own and are now offering contain the safety of municipal investments and in addition yield a most attractive interest return. Full particulars are contained in Circular 1200. Write for it to-day.

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First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

The benefit of 30 years' experience at your disposal

Chicago Securities

Suitable alike for the wealthy investor and the savings bank depositor. Bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, and mortgages of all sizes, from \$2,000 to \$200,000, netting from 5 per cent to 6 per cent; in every case secured by first mortgage on Chicago real estate, the most tangible of all forms of security, readily inspected and easily understood. Our selection of these investments is based on more than forty years' experience.

Send for our Circular No. 629-H

**Peabody,
Houghteling & Co.**

(Established 1865)

181 La Salle Street, Chicago

Our Billions of Invisible Friends

[Concluded from page 433]

much for the defending army to do. Although with each breath we inhale we also take into the body myriads of disease germs, the soldiers of the body begin at once their work of destroying them. In the nostrils there are fine hairs which act like brooms and clear the entering air from dust and germs; moreover, the mucous membrane lining the nasal passage is in itself germicidal. The living cells of the mouth are well able to kill invading germs, and the saliva that is constantly being poured into the mouth from the salivary glands is strongly germicidal. The liquid water of the eyes, the wax in the ear, these are other ways in which the body defends itself.

The condition of the tongue is an index not only to the state of the stomach or liver, but also to that of the entire body; and the blood is the power that really defends the body. The blood furnishes the materials from which saliva and all the other juices of the body are made. If the blood is of good quality, then the saliva will be of good quality, and capable not only of digesting the starchy matter in food (which is perhaps its principal work) but also of destroying germs. If you have a coated tongue, a foul breath, and accumulations of matter about the gums and teeth and tongue, it means not only that probably your mouth needs dental care, but also—a more important fact—that your blood is impure and needs to be renewed.

The skin is the outer barrier of the fortress of life, and unless punctured it is, when healthy, practically impervious to the assaults of germs. If you should scrape off from the surface of the skin a little of the scurf, or outer layer of skin, and put it in a test-tube, millions of germs will develop from the microbe always to be found on the scurf.



White corpuscles, the "soldiers of the blood," fighting plague germs. The black spots are groups of millions of germs; the gray spots represent immense numbers of white corpuscles, banded together to fight the common enemy.

The lungs have an inner-lining surface of two thousand feet in the average man, and all that surface is covered with living cells which are able to kill invading germs. This explains why we can inhale dust laden with germs without injury, but only when the cells of the lungs are maintained in strong fighting trim by being fed with plenty of good red blood and plenty of oxygen; in other words, when the vital resistance is normal. If the body's vitality is lowered, then the lung cells lose their vigor and the germs find a lodging place, establishing a sort of encampment of their own within the lines of the body's protecting army, and there they grow and develop. Up in the apex of one lung or the other, generally speaking, the germs begin their work, because the average man or woman does not usually develop the upper part of the lung by deep breathing. Tuberculosis, or pneumonia, or grippe; or common, everyday coughs and colds—our invisible foes implant the seeds of such troubles in our lungs when the vital resistance flags.

As to the germs which are taken directly into the body with food and drink, here, too, the body is quite competent to protect itself when in good condition. The mucous membrane of the stomach is full of little pockets, or glands, in which, by a strange chemical process, the gastric juice is formed. This juice is that which digests the proteid or tissue-building element of such foods as meat, and is also a germ-killer and disinfectant. Not long ago a physiologist gave a dog a piece of putrid meat, which the animal bolted directly. The meat positively swarmed with germs. An hour afterwards the meat was removed from the dog, and was found to be as sweet and as "fresh" as it is possible for meat to be. The gastric juice had disinfected the meat, and had killed all the germs in and attached to it, so that there was no longer a bad odor, or any sign of decay. That dog was a healthy animal, in good

The Cream of Investments

for conservative, non-speculative investors,

who are looking for permanence, safety and certainty of fair interest returns, is found in private corporation city Water Bonds. Particularly desirable are the

First Mortgage 6% Thirty Year Gold Bonds

of the Parsons Water Supply & Power Co., of Parsons, Kansas—a thrifty, prosperous town of 15,000, steadily growing—water consumption rapidly increasing year after year.

We offer, subject to prior sale, \$100,000 of these Bonds at 107 and accrued interest in denominations of \$1,000 to net 5.6%.

Net earnings of Company in 1907, \$17,660. Cost of all extensions and betterments since 1892 has been paid direct out of capital and earnings. Ample assets and surplus.

We extend the fullest information regarding character and value of these Bonds, and reasons why they constitute an unusually sound, safe, select investment. We highly recommend these Bonds.

Write—but write quickly—for full particulars, to

The Kimball Investment Co.,
1804½ Main Street, Parsons, Kansas.

Note: It is significant that no investor ever lost a dollar through ownership of a private corporation Water Bond. This is history.

MAXIMUM SECURITY MAXIMUM INCOME BONDS

are those that are based on New York City real estate—not vacant lots in the suburbs, but property in the heart of the city which is earning an ever increasing revenue and which is steadily enhancing in market value. But few realty bonds have such absolutely safe features and we therefore would like to mail you Circular No. 9 which contains full particulars.

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First Mortgage Gold Bonds To Net Six Per Cent

Wyoming Land & Irrigation Co., secured by 70,000 acres of rich agricultural farm land. A safe and suitable investment for Banks, Individual Investors, Insurance Companies and Trust Funds.

Send for descriptive Circular W.

CUTTER, MAY & CO.,
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By sending for our Free Booklet

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full of encouraging words from personal letters of Statesmen, Educators, and Men of Affairs, that will interest and aid the boy in making a man of himself.

Your savings entrusted to our care will be free from all risk. Accounts opened by mail at any time, subject to withdrawal upon required notice. Earnings reckoned for every day at 5% per year. Paid by check quarterly or semi-annually, or compounded if desired.

Established 15 years. Under supervision of New York Banking Dept. Assets \$1,800,000.

Full particulars upon request. Also ask for "Boys of To-day" booklet.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
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**\$100 and Multiples Accepted
INTEREST GUARANTEED 6%**

Principal Payable In Gold | Secured by \$3,000,000 Assets

New York Realty Owners Co.
489 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Ask for Booklet S.

60 A YEAR ON A \$1000



You can increase your income to \$60 a year for each \$1000 you possess by investing direct, instead of loaning through a middle man. The American Real Estate Company's

6% GOLD BONDS

offer an opportunity for direct investment, and pay you the full interest value of your money—6%. Further, these bonds give you security equal to or better than that of institutions paying only three to four per cent.

A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds are based on the ownership of New York City Real Estate—recognized as the soundest security on earth. They are issued as follows:

6% Coupon Bonds, for income earning, paying interest semi-annually by coupons.

6% Accumulative Bonds, for income saving, purchasable by instalments, carrying liberal surrender privileges.

Write today for full details, including map of New York City showing location of this Company's properties.

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888

Assets, \$10,000,000.00 Capital and Surplus, \$1,000,000.00
518 Night & Day Bank Bldg., New York City

6% Land Secured Bonds

in sums of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. Interest paid every six months at American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, issued by the

Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.

SECURITY

UNDER

THE

BONDS

Mortgages on lands lying close to Denver are deposited with the above named Bank as collateral security to the bonds in the ratio of 125 to 100. Also all the property of the Company, estimated worth

Two to Three Million Dollars

Consisting of Canals, Reservoirs, Sites, Water Rights, etc.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

Municipal Bonds

First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Illinois
Fill out and return this coupon today.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

No. 4

First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send illustrated description of 6% Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. Bonds.

Name..... State.....

condition, and so its gastric juice was able to protect it. The gastric juice not only wars upon the germs that enter the stomach directly, but it also assists the nose and the eyes in their work of defending the body. There is a filter, so to speak, of fine hairs and membrane in the nose, which takes up or collects germs from the air breathed in; and these germs, when they have accumulated to an extent, are washed down into the stomach by the tears, or eye fluids, which run down through the nasal passages and wash the germs down the back of the throat into the stomach, where the gastric juice promptly destroys them.

Even if some of the germs succeed in passing the outer walls of the body's fortress and escape the gastric juice and the saliva guards, and penetrate the inner sanctuary, which is the blood, and the living cells, even then the body has immense resources at its command. In the blood itself it maintains a great standing army of soldiers, which are the corpuscles of the blood. The world owes to the genius of such investigators as Metchnikoff, of Paris, and Wright, of London, the light which has been thrown upon the function of the white blood-corpuscles. They literally eat up the germs which find entrances to the body. They are almost constantly in motion, being transparent, spherical forms, of the consistency of jelly drops, capable of changing their forms in many fashions. When germs enter the body the cells are drawn, by some as yet unexplainable attraction, to the scene of the attack, and at once they begin their work of defending the body. The blood manufactures a strange element that has been called opsonins, from the Latin word, "I prepare for the table;" and the opsonins of the blood seem to be the body's most invaluable weapon. The opsonins of the blood are like a sauce, or appetizing juice, which stimulates the hunger of the white corpuscles for disease germs. When the blood is rich in opsonins, then the white cells are hearty and numerous and quite able to give a good account of all invading germs; but, *vice versa*, when the blood is deficient in opsonins, then the germs defeat the soldiers of the bodyguard. The process of such a body battle is perhaps most clearly apparent in the case of suppuration, as in the forming of a boil or an abscess. The



Masses of white corpuscles fighting groups of influenza germs. Highly magnified.

so-called pus which is formed consists simply of white blood-corpuscles which have been slain in a battle with the germs.

So, when you are in good health, and the world looks bright, it is because the white corpuscles, well supplied with ammunition, are fighting your fight for you all over your body. It is when your opsonins are deficient, and your soldiers are fighting a losing battle from head to foot, that the aches come and life seems flat and unprofitable. Your ills are only the after effects. To be logical, you should greet your friend with, "How are your opsonins?"

This, then, is the welcome message that recent discoveries have brought us from the field of battle—that germs are powerless to affect a healthy body in which the vital resistance is maintained by good habits of living. Alcohol, tobacco, and other such drugs, whether narcotic or stimulative in their effects, are aids and comforts to our invisible enemies. Too much food, especially hearty food such as meat and beans, forms supplies for the commissary department of the enemy, instead of for the brigades of white corpuscles.

On the other hand, every breath, drawn deeply into the lungs, of fresh, sun-warmed air, is a direct blow struck at our foes, and on the side of our defenders; every sip of pure water aids the forces of life. So too does every motion in walking, running, and other exercises—when exercise is not excessive. Every mouthful of pure food adds fuel to the flame of life.

So too does every pure thought: that is to say, every cheerful, normal action of the brain when uncontaminated by gloom, morbidity, or any of the poisons of pessimism. Thus you can aid your body-guard to fight the attacks of the invisible army of germs by the adoption of a few simple principles, and the attainment of a little real, up-to-date knowledge on the subject of hygiene; and by combining can help each other in the war that must ever go on.



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Don't run the risk of serious loss by fire, theft, or carelessness—Get you Will, your Deeds, Insurance Policies, Stocks and Bonds, private letters and other valuable papers into


THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

Do it at once—Safe Deposit By Mail is simple, safe, inexpensive—The United States Registered Mail Service puts these great vaults within easy reach of every nook and corner in the world.

Write for the book on "The Safeguarding of Personal Property"—You will be interested. Don't risk delay.

CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

Cedar Street and Broadway, New York



The Franklin Society

The Franklin Society announces the usual semi-annual cash dividend at the rate of Five Per Cent per annum on all accounts from \$10 to \$5000, payable after July 1st. This is the Society's 39th consecutive dividend.

Securities: First Mortgages on homes in Metropolitan District—non-speculative, non-fluctuating.

Deposit or Withdraw By Mail

Deposits up to July 10 earn from July 1. Thousands of depositors, large and small.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF BANKING DEPARTMENT

Even a dollar will open an account.

Begin Now or Write for Booklet D.

THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY

For Home Buildings and Savings

FOUNDED 1888

Three Beekman Street, New York City.

5%

SAFETY 6% PROFIT

You are vitally interested in the earning power of your savings. If you can get 6 per cent. and entire safety there's no reason for being satisfied with 3 or 4 per cent.

Write for the book telling about this company's 6 per cent. Certificates of Deposit. You'll be interested

CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO.

1049 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.


IT is important to the investor to be informed as to the conditions affecting the securities he has bought or intends to buy.

"The Weekly Financial Review"

is a small, four-page editorial sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice, current events in the financial, commercial and political world as they bear upon securities and other investments and is of interest and value to investors and business men.

The Review will on application be mailed regularly without charge to those interested. **J. S. Bache & Co., Bankers, Members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.**

Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE request you to mention SUCCESS MAGAZINE when writing for above Review



Are you pushing your business?

A strong new book on advertising by T. D. MacGregor, of the BANKERS MAGAZINE, "Pushing Your Business," will help you. It costs only a dollar, but it is crammed full of money-making ideas—not theory, but experience of one of the foremost advertising men.

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"I consider Mr. MacGregor one of the best writers of financial and real estate advertising in the country."—H. E. Levan, Pres., Levan-Gould Adv. Agency, St. Louis.

"PUSHING YOUR BUSINESS" is a look mighty good—simple enough for a tyro to understand, and that is just what you want."—Robert Frothingham, Adv. Mgr., "Everybody's."

"An inspiration in every sentence.—It is so much better than anything else I have ever seen that I shall keep it on my desk as a text-book."—Fred N. Van Patten, Banker and Real Estate Dealer, Syracuse, N. Y.

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The equal distribution of weight insured by the **Double Crown Roller** means shoulder comfort, as the point of strain is movable and cannot bind. It gives easily under the slightest strain and each of the six points of suspension always carries an equal share of weight. Saves cloth from stretching or bagging at the knees. Prevents buttons tearing out.

The Kady Suspender sells for 50c. and 75c. a pair. Should your Haberdasher not have it in stock, write us for booklet and name of dealer who has.

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You Can Dress Well— On \$1.00 A Week.

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES
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NEW YORK DESIGNS
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We will trust any honest man. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for samples and book of latest New York fashions, FREE. This explains our plan and system of easy payments fully.

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and men in all walks of life should know the merits of
**LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED
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No matter how soiled, they are cleaned instantly with a damp cloth, and made white as new. Absolutely waterproof, they hold their shape under all conditions. Being linen they look it. Not celluloid. Wear indefinitely, and don't wilt, fray, or crack. Every fashionable style in all sizes.

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If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

The FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 27, 7 Waverly Place, New York

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500 SMITH PREMIERS, Extra Special. All makes—good as new, big bargains. Shipped on approval for trial. Rent all makes at \$3.00 per month and allow rent on price. Send for Catalog and Bargain List.

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MAKE MONEY DRAWING

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THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
69 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE SUN TYPEWRITER

marks an epoch in the writing machine business; high value, low price. If you do not know about it, write for information and trial offer. Sun Typewriter Co., 317 Broadway, N. Y. City.



The Well-Dressed Man

*A Help to Those Who Wish to Dress
in Good Taste and within Their Means*

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Ask any question that puzzles you about dress. If desired, your name will not be used, but please attach it to your inquiry. It is preferred that questions be of general, rather than purely personal interest.]

INQUIRER.—Stripes are having a good bit of a run in both the essentials and the incidentals of dress, and they have elbowed aside the long-familiar checks and plaids. There are striped suitings, striped shirts, striped cravats, and even striped hose. The designs most preferred are not loud, but subdued. They are variously known as feather, mystic, and masked stripes. Notably good form are black stripes upon grounds of Umbrian olive or Princeton tan. Never was there such a wealth of sprightly colors in lounge suits as this summer.

Y. M. C. A.—Avoid every sort of queerness in the cut of your lounge suit. Quality of fabric, nicety of fit, and poise of bearing, rather than a fancied "exclusiveness"—odious word, that!—are the things to be sought. Dressing well means exercising one's personal taste and choosing a cut, color, and cloth in which one looks best. To wear a thing merely because it is "the thing" and regardless of whether it is suited to the man and he to it, is prone to turn one into a mere tailor's dummy or barber's block. Every man should have a clothes-personality. That is, the preference and notions of the individual should be delicately accentuated in what he wears and how he wears it. Study your height, breadth, coloring, and cast of features and adapt rather than adopt a fashion.

BULLOCK.—In lounge suits, green and brown cloths are the vogue for summer. Soft olive shades of green and deep browns are most endorsed. The sack coat is cut shorter, with a fairly loose back and full skirts. The lapels are higher, finished with a soft roll, and may be peaked or rounded. Coats are wide-stitched along the edges and usually have three buttons, which are set high and close together. Excessively long coats with creased side-seams are no longer the mode. The upper-class tailors have also relinquished the folded-back cuffs in favor of the plain through-buttoning cuffs. Trousers are still cut short, hang straight from the knee downward, and will be worn with bottoms turned up.

B. B.—Summer brings no distinctly new fashion in evening clothes. The soft, rough-surface fabrics are still good form and they should be a bit lighter, as befits the change in the seasons. The well-cut suit is decidedly "waisty" and the lapels still terminate in the step or notch collar. White waistcoats are now universal, though elaborately figured silks should be avoided by most of us and notably by those men who have reached the age when, as some wag puts it, their chief possessions are "a tummy and a temper." Certainly nothing accentuates a man's girth so much as an ornate evening waistcoat. Youngers, on the other hand, who are trim of figure, may well depart from plain tub materials and affect the more pretentious silks.

A. T. B.—The silk hat is the only form countenanced for general evening wear. The "Opera" is a theater hat, pure and simple. In selecting the silk hat, becomingness to the individual, rather than style, is the chief consideration. Young men can wear the new shape with a "French" flattish brim and look well in it, but most men should choose the more conservative form. This also applies to the "Opera." By the by, always keep your "Opera" sprung and not crushed, if you would avoid unsightly wrinkles which ultimately split the material. White kid gloves may be embroidered on the back with black silk or white, or may have "self" backs. The button is always pearl, a clasp is in bad form. On the street white buckskin is worn and this is exchanged in the dressing room for white kid for dancing and indoors.

What

Just These:

It is reclaiming without the enormous expense of irrigation some of the richest farm lands on the earth—the mellow, sandy loams of Eastern Colorado, on the great Bijou Ranch in Elbert County. It is making Denver and other near-by cities sit up with wonderment at the rapid progress made by Colorado farmers who are following the system of "Soil Culture" taught by Mr. Campbell. It is making poor men wealthy. It is putting on the market at a low figure—\$8.50 to \$16.00 per acre—that rich and fertile Bijou Ranch—only 65 miles from Denver, 42 miles from Colorado Springs, and only 5 miles from Union Pacific or Rock Island Railroads. Here you can buy virgin soil, mellow and deep, which raises cereals, fruits, alfalfa, vegetables, sugar beets, melons, etc., etc. (See 90 inch corn in cut at right.) Here with 2 horses, 10 cows, 5 brood sows you can clear \$1000 a year on an 80-acre tract.

A New Book Free

Don't make a move buying real estate near or far till you get our brand-new illustrated book—warm from the press—entitled, "The New Colorado." It answers the majority of your questions such as: How much money you'll need to have to get a

"Soil Cultivation" is doing for Colorado

start; what the climate is, the rainfall, the soil; how near water is to the surface; how long you'll need to wait for profits; cost of coal, wood; nearness of schools, churches, etc., etc.

This book is not old, rehearsed information, but is compiled from fresh, live facts recently obtained from new settlers and old timers on this ranch.

"Hurry to Colorado" and get a good choice of the fertile lands. Now's your opportunity. Don't treat it lightly. Send for the free book now and decide. Address, Dept. 21.

The Farmers Land & Loan Co.,
145 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.



The Easiest Money There Is

[Concluded from page 451]

noddings. Say Zeltner sent you! No? All right! I come along!"

Professor Hochman's reception-room, third floor front, is embellished with flying cupids as to the walls, with signs of the zodiac and names of the planets as to the ceiling. A boy of twelve let us in and told us that the Professor would be "oudit in a minid." Two young Jewish girls; the nearer one red-headed, were poring over two Hebrew books. They never looked up as we entered, but continued to turn page after page as though searching. The red-haired one leaned over after a time and said something in Yiddish to the dark-haired one. The latter shook her head. Louis Zeltner poked me.

"She says she has found a question that asks whether he will get money," he whispered in my ear. "I bet her folks won't let her have him because he's poor."

Then the Professor entered. He was a portly man of about forty. Except for his smooth-shaven face and long, poetical hair, parted in the middle, he looked like a prosperous rabbi. The Professor insisted on sending for prune cordial and *czamarodni* before he would talk business.

Finally he pointed to a volume on the table. As I afterwards learned, it was the counterpart in English of the books that the little Hebrew girls were still studying.

"There's eight-hundred questions, all numbered, in that book," he said. "Every question you'd want to ask. You find two questions and put down the numbers and say nothing to me and fold those numbers in your pocket and come in afterwards." And the Professor retired with the two girls.

As I was there for purposes of Scientific Comparison, I chose No. 123, which read: "Shall I marry next year?" and No. 164, which read, "Shall I marry the one I now want to?"

After Professor Hochman had revealed my name in the most marvelous fashion, he caused me to count repeatedly from one to ten, keeping my mind on my numbers. One at a time, he wrote down the digits of 123 and 164.

"No," said he to 123, and "No," to 164.

"I git it that you ain't going to marry at all," said Professor Hochman. "You will be old bachelor!"

VI.—Mott Street

"ONE dollah leading? All light. Say, you makeum tlee dollah. I tell you evlything. Lucky numbah in lot'y. No? All light. You' hand hold money. You git money good and you keep em. Git one dollah, git two dollah, git t'ousand dollah, all samee. Keep, keep, all time, all-same tight wad. This yeah no good fo' money. No cachum 'tall. Nex' yeah, good. Yeah afteh, bettah. All time git, all time keep, all-same tight wad. You be lich.

"Bimeby, you mally. Gal no lich. You lich. You mally come one, two, tlee, fough yeah. Foah yeah. Sometime wife she plovoke you. You savvy plovoke? Git mad—fight—make you tiahd. But you come back all light. You have one, two, tlee, boys. All good boys. Tha's all! Hey! You want holoscope? Two dollah. Lucky numbah, lott'y. Win? Su-ah! All light! Good-bye!"

I've tabulated it all so that I may know myself and my future. As far as I've gone, it looks this way to me:

I am	cold, distant, unpopular. popular to my peril. delicate as a flower. stern as iron. generous to a fault. a tight wad. unfortunate as regards women. wonderfully understanding of women. mediumistic.
I should	stay behind the counter. travel and meet people.
Everything looks dark about me now. Everything will improve in the future.	
I shall marry	a tall brunette (two). a medium-sized, golden-haired blonde. a medium-complexioned woman. no one at all.
I shall first meet Her	in London or Paris. in Arkansas or Oklahoma. somewhere in the South. already. never.
Date of marriage.	after my trip to Japan; therefore at least two years from now. within a year. in 1911. within six months. four years from now. never.
General remarks concerning the match.	It will be the long love of my life. It will be terribly unhappy. It will be happy, but I'll marry again. I'll leave her, but I'll come back. She will be rich. See will be poor. We will have { two children. { three children.

Net cost of acquiring this information—eleven dollars. It's a mighty comfortable feeling to have everything settled, that way.

TO KEEP COOL! TO FEEL PERFECTLY AT EASE! TO FIND RELIEF FROM SUMMER HEAT, WEAR LOOSE FITTING B. V. D. GARMENTS.

They allow perfect freedom of motion, and permit fresh cooling air to reach the pores.

LOOSE FITTING

B.V.D.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers,

50c., 75c., \$1.00 and
\$1.50 a garment,

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BY ERLANGER BROTHERS

constitute the coolest and most comfortable two-piece suit ever worn by man. No pulling of a perspiration soaked undergarment over your head. No disagreeable double thickness at the ankle to bind or irritate, and cut off air from the limbs. No glove fitting covering for the knee joints to interfere with muscular activity.

THE LOOSE FITTING

B. V. D. Sleeping Suit

will keep you cool during the hottest night in summer. The coats are made with half sleeves; the pants reach just below the knee.

The B. V. D. Loose Fitting Sleeping Suit is cut on large, full, roomy patterns, therefore it does not bind in the crotch, or in the leg from the thigh to the knee where the strain is most. It gives absolute comfort to the wearer.

\$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 a suit.

THE LOOSE FITTING

B. V. D. Union Suit

Pat. April 30, 1907.

gives wearers of Union Suits loose fitting B. V. D. comfort.

An insertion of springy webbing encircling the body just above the waist line, and webbing insertions at the shoulders, make the garment conform to every bend and position of the body.

Devotees of Union Suits who have heretofore been forced to wear tight fitting undergarments, now have an opportunity of wearing a perfectly comfortable one piece garment.

\$1.00, \$2.00 and \$3.00 a suit.

Every garment of B. V. D. manufacture is identified by the B. V. D. red woven label which insures you a correctly cut, well-made, perfect fitting garment.

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

In workmanship, in cut, in finish, and in material, B. V. D. Loose Fitting Garments are unsurpassed. Write for illustrated and descriptive booklet I.

All B. V. D. Garments are made of thoroughly tested woven materials, selected for their cooling and wearing qualities.

ERLANGER BROTHERS, Worth and Church Sts., New York

Flat as a Coin

Don't chafe or bind. Cannot become accidentally unfastened. Keep the socks perfectly smooth. Made of finest quality silk webs. Metal parts don't touch the leg and, being brass nickel-plated, never rust. 2,500,000 Pairs sold last year.

Brighton
FLAT CLASP
GARTERS
for KNEE or FULL LENGTH DRAWERS

"BRIGHTON" Flat Clasp Garters

are made in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

Price, 25 cents a pair, at your dealer's, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,

718 Market Street, Dept. "S," Philadelphia

Makers of "BRIGHTON" Garters, "PIONEER" Suspenders and "PIONEER" Belts

Be Your Own Boss!

Start a Mail Order Business at Home. Devote whole or spare time. We tell you how. Very good profit. Everything furnished. No catalog outfit proposition. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. E. S. Kruger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

GINSENG

Culture is the "Only Way" to make big money on little Capital. One acre is worth \$25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100 acre farm with ten times less work. You can take life easy and live in Comfort on the large Income from a small garden. Write to-day. T. H. SUTTON, - 606 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.

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No. 14

T. H. SUTTON
Secretary.

Twenty Million Voices



A PERFECT understanding by the public of the management and full scope of the Bell Telephone System can have but one effect, and that a most desirable one—a marked betterment of the service.

Do you know what makes the telephone worth while to you—just about the most indispensable thing in modern life?

It isn't the circuit of wire that connects your instrument with the exchange.

It's the *Twenty Million Voices* at the other end of the wire on every Bell Telephone!

We have to keep them there, on hair trigger, ready for you to call them up, day or night—downtown, up in Maine, or out in Denver.

And to make the telephone system useful to those Twenty Million other people, we have to keep you alert and ready at this end of the wire.

Then we have to keep the line in order—8,000,000 miles of wire—and the central girls properly drilled and accommodating to the last degree, and the apparatus up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Quite a job, all told.

Every telephone user is an important link in the system—just as important as the operator. With a little well meant suggestion on our part, we believe we can improve the service—perhaps save a second on each call.

There are about six billion connections a year over these lines.

Saving a second each would mean a tremendous time saving to you and a tremendous saving of operating expenses, which can be applied to the betterment of the service.

The object of this and several succeeding magazine advertisements is not to get more subscribers. It is to make each one of you a better link in the chain.

First, give "Central" the number clearly and be sure she hears it. Give her full and clear information in cases of doubt. She is there to do her utmost to accommodate you.

Next, don't grow fretful because you think she represents a monopoly. The postmaster does, too, for the same reason.

The usefulness of the telephone is its universality, as one system. Where there are two systems you must have two telephones—and confusion.

Remember, the value of the service lies in the number of people you can reach without confusion—the promptness with which you get your response.

So respond quickly when others call you, bearing in mind the extensive scope of the service.

The constant endeavor of the associated Bell companies, harmonized by one policy and acting as one system, is to give you the best and most economical management human ingenuity can devise. The end is efficient service and your attitude and that of every other subscriber may hasten or hinder its accomplishment.

Agitation against legitimate telephone business—the kind that has become almost as national in its scope as the mail service—must disappear with a realization of the necessity of universal service.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

And Its Associated
Bell Companies



One Policy—One System
Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

Weedless Wheel
Weedless Rudder



Free

Send now for
handbook Boat and
Engine catalog ever issued.

Don't Think of Buying Any Launch Until You Write for Free Boat Book

Only \$99 For this Complete
16-ft. Launch and
2-H. P. Engine

Which Cannot be Duplicated for Less Than \$200

For a limited time we offer to ship you, on approval, for \$99.00 this graceful, substantial, ready-to-launch Motor Boat—an ideal craft for Fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Boating. Safe for family and children.

This Launch (the result of 30 years' successful experience in boat building) is a scientific compromise of the auto-boat and flat-bottom boat. Has sufficient dead rise to prevent tipping and wobbling when you stand up in it. Seating capacity for 6; 16 feet long, 42-inch beam, solid, 9-16-inch dressed planking; seams and nail indentations rendered permanently smooth and water-tight by our Elastic Seam Composition. Floor space equal to 15-ft. boat. Can change seats and move about without danger of tipping. Boat is propelled at a speed of 8 to 10 miles per hour by a powerful Gile self-starting, odorless, noiseless, 2-H. P. Engine of the Single Cylinder, 2 Cycle type. Controlled absolutely by one single Lever which starts, stops, reverses, etc. Develops full 2-H. P. at 500 rev. per minute; 5-H. P. at 700 rev.; construction simple, no cams, levers or gears to get out of fix. Guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Engines up to 100-H. P. can be purchased separately. Send your name on a postal today for detailed description of this beautiful, ready-to-launch Motor Boat which can not be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00. Our special \$99.00 Price with Immediate Shipment Guaranteed is offered for a limited time only.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE COMPANY, 1017 SPEED ST., GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

AGENTS

WANTED in every county to sell the
Transparent Handle Pocket Knife.
Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300
a month can be made. Write for terms.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., No. 53 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**HUNDREDS OF BOYS
ARE MAKING MONEY**

**BOYS, FOR
VACATION
MONEY**

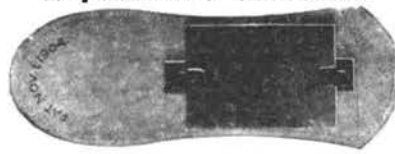
See page 467.

**HUNDREDS OF PLACES
WITHOUT AN AGENT**

**BROKEN-DOWN ARCH OR WEAK INSTEPS
CAUSE RHEUMATISM, LAMENESS and TENDER-
NESS** of the feet, also legs, knees, and backache, and
possibly deformity. The

C & H ARCH INSTEP SUPPORT

will prevent all this. Give size shoe.



A shadow view showing steel arch thro' leather top.

50c. A PAIR.

Your dealer,
or by mail.

C & H ARCH SHANK Co., Dept. O, Brockton, Mass.

BASEBALOLOGY

By Edmund Vance Cook

An Apology for Baseball

BASEBALL? I scorn to take its part
On lesser grounds than those of Art.

I hear

Your sneer,

But why is not the wide, glad view

Of golden day, and action too,

More than the little canvased square—

That mimicry of Nature there,

Viewed in the stagnant gallery air?

Shall I not stay and let you go

To cast yourself before Corot,

And grovel low before Watteau?

If Angelo impressed his time,

Did not another Michael's prime?

A saint

In paint

Worth thousands is impressive? Well,

What sum did Boston give for Kel?

Oft have I heard, as you, mayhap,

From all the stands the thunderous clap,

And "Good boy, Kelly! tip your cap!"

Did ever public glad the soul

Of any saint in stock and stole

With "Hi yi! tip your aureole!"

Must Art be ancient ere it thrive?

Why, look you! here is Art alive!

To view

A hue

Like Titian loved, behold the head

Of Donahue, forenamed "The Red."

Here stands the Discus Thrower—speak,

Why better if he were antique?

Hibernian gods are good as Greek!

Why should New York and its vicinity

Bow down before some Greek divinity

When they have had their own McGuinnity?

No matter of what school you be,

Tho' Raphaelite, or Post- or Pre-

Take heart

Of Art.

For here it is and here its fruits;

Here Hector fights and Priam roots;

Here burns the fire Time may not quench:

With brow a-frown and fist a-clench,

Achilles sulks upon the bench.

Look—look again! and again your fill

Of Art alive and feel its thrill:

Ajax defies the umpire still!

The Scapegoat

UMPIRE, in the game's beginning,

Seven strikes were pitched that inning;

"Balls" thou called them; thine the sinning;

On thy head the guilt.

Umpire, how couldst thou have beckoned

Ballyhooley in from second?

Safe he was and ill thou reckoned;

On thy head the guilt.

Umpire, flimflam fumbled badly;

Muffengrabbitt played but sadly,

But we witnesses cried madly,

"On thy head the guilt."

Umpire, though our pitcher tossed them,

Though our catcher dodged and lost them,

Thy sins were the ones which cost them;

On thy head the guilt.

Umpire, though our hits were scattered,

Though our field-defense was shattered,

Little had these details mattered;

On thy head the guilt.

Umpire, each cause hath its martyr

Who can never hope to barter

Merely good intent for quarter;

On thy head the guilt.

Umpire, though we flay and flout thee,

Though forever we will doubt thee,

What would baseball be without thee?

On thy head the guilt.

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.—Karr.

OUT O' DOORS

SUMMER PLEASURES are essentially out-of-door ones. All the active sports make the bath a luxury; add to its delights by using HAND SAPOLIO, the only soap which lifts a bath above a commonplace cleansing process, makes every pore respond, and energizes the whole body. It is a summer necessity to every man, woman, and child who would be daintily clean. Keeps you fresh and sweet as a sea breeze; prevents sunburn and roughness. Make the test yourself.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases everyone.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out.

We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.



HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

HAND SAPOLIO is

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.
SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.
SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.



FEEL COOL

When you cut out Meat and Coffee. Try a little Fruit and

GRAPE-NUTS

with Cream.

There is staying power in

GRAPE-NUTS

and "There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.